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Looking Forward

WE FIND OURSELVES engaged these days in pleasant argument with some of our friends and genial subscribers over our recent statement of the two philosophies of life by which a man may steer his existence. This comes about mainly, it seems, because we championed the idea that a man should stick to his own knitting, until it was perfectly satisfactory, before looking around to see if any one else might care to do it his way.

Certainly, true self-examination is one of the most difficult things in which any human being can succeed. It was Walter Bagehot, we believe, who said that a genuinely new idea was the most painful thing a man could experience. When that idea concerns one's self, it is doubly distressing. Wherefore the ease and satisfaction in looking abroad and discerning the mote in our brother's eye—and advising a remedy for it.

THE TRUTH is that keeping hands off other people's lives is one of the most difficult of human achievements—despite the universal recognition of the old proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison." The meddler, the matchmaker and the busybody are familiar to us all.

Morally speaking, a man must learn to stand upon his own feet or he will never become a man at all. Short of this, we doubt if concerning himself with other people's lives will ever get him anywhere. As for critics who consider this a "laissez faire policy," one is forced to conclude that they believe their own lives and characters no longer need any improvement, so that they are forced to look abroad in order to find something to occupy them.

IF YOU APPLY our belief to politics and society, it is clear that its goal is the greatest, individual liberty consistent with the security of all. Only the man who threatens that security should be punished or restrained. But the liberty of the rest must not be taken away to satisfy the personal dogmas of anybody. The pursuit of life, liberty and happiness is sine qua non for the development of character.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Courtesy Etude Music Magazine

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE

Playing the harmonico, or musical glasses

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Outlook

and Independent

July 31, 1929

In Praise of Hypocrisy

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

The death of Harvey O'Higgins left a place in American letters which will not soon be filled. The readers of The Outlook are already familiar with his wise and witty, but not destructive, criticisms of the mores of his country. Here is an article written shortly before he died, and just made available for publication. This time Mr. O'Higgins is sardonic as he surveys what he believes to be America's devotion to hypocrisy. And he offers Benjamin Franklin, who effected a happy compromise between preaching and practice, as the patron saint of those who must march under the banners of pretension

SOME ONE wrote anonymously, in a recent issue of the *New Yorker:* "Two people, having finished luncheon in a tearoom last Tuesday, were about to light their cigarettes when they spied a sign reading 'No Smoking.' They were putting their cigarettes away when a hostess came over and said: 'You can smoke. That sign is just for people who don't smoke.' Somewhere in this there is probably the solution to everything."

The *New Yorker,* of course, was being jocular. That is its mission in life. But I do not think that writers should be humorous about serious matters. The hostess in the tearoom was not funny. She was doing her best to uphold a true American tradition. She was living according to an accepted folkway and being one-hundred-per-cent. She was as symbolic as if she were posing, in Bartholdi's studio, for his sketch-model of the Statue of Liberty.

Consider, for example, national Prohibition. In the great American tearoom, Columbia has put up a sign "No Drinking," and no one obeys it except those who do not wish to drink. The hostess is very proud of that sign. "This is the only tearoom in the world where drinking is prohibited," she tells the teetotalers. "Of course, we can't always prevent people from bringing in their own bottles, and some of our waiters are taking tips to serve drinks in spite of all we can do, but I think that's only a temporary condition. A thing like this takes time. It's an experiment, noble in motive, and we have to have patience." To the drinkers, she says: "I had to put the sign up. So many of our patrons demanded it. And they positively refuse to let me take it down. But it doesn't really inconvenience you, does it?—beyond making your drinks a little more expensive? And it looks so much better than when the place was run as a saloon. I hate saloons, don't you? A tearoom is so much nicer."

That is the true American technique, and it always has been. We are what is called a nation of practical idealists, and when we find that one of our ideals is an impractical ideal, we do not abandon it; we merely find a way to evade it respectfully. We never lower our standards of pretension. We get a certain virtuous glow out of upholding an impractical ideal, and this warm self-satisfaction helps us to forgive ourselves for not being able to live up to our moral ambition.

In the typical American town of Bound Brook, New Jersey, an agitation was started, recently, against the Sunday blue laws and the "No Amusements" sign that is hung up on the Sabbath. A petition was circulated asking that the moving-picture theatre be opened on Sunday afternoons after the hours of Sunday School and on Sunday evenings after church. Bound Brook is divided into two sections—an American section of New York commuters and native townsmen, and a foreign section of working people and factory hands. The foreigners are mostly devout church-goers of the Roman Catholic faith; they signed the petition eagerly. The native Americans are not more notably irreligious than other townspeople in the commuting district; they use Sunday chiefly as a holiday for golfing and automobiling; but most of them could not be persuaded to sign either "Yes" or "No" to the petition. They were not being inconvenienced by the "No Amusements" sign in Bound Brook on Sunday; they took to their motor cars and went elsewhere for their fun. They understood that the "No Amusements" sign was for those who did not wish any Sunday amusements, and they were willing to let these people have their prohibition if they wished it.

IN THE discussion ensuing in the local newspapers, no arguments were advanced against the Sunday movies except by a Presbyterian minister who objected that church-goers usually had only a small amount of money to contribute to the support of the churches, and if they gave it to the moving-picture theatre, they would not have it to put on the collection plates. He invoked the blue laws against the proprietor of the theatre, and he stood beside the ticket office, on Sunday afternoon, to see that no tickets were sold. In the intervals of doing police duty at the entrance to the theatre, he refreshed himself with ice cream in a candy shop next door, al-

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though that shop, by selling him ice cream, was violating the very law which he was enforcing against the theatre. The theatre owner finally evaded the law by calling his moving-picture a Sunday concert and taking only "voluntary contributions" from those who wished to see it. He has continued this device, week after week, and all sensible people are satisfied. The "No Amusements" sign in Bound Brook is honored in the breach, if not in the observance. It still hangs high for all those who do not wish Sunday amusements—and the others go to the movies.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Dehver has been trying to persuade the public to take down the "No Sex" sign that is so little regarded by our present generations. He finds that more than half the High School boys and girls in the typical American community are engaged in sexual intercourse outside of marriage, and he proposes a form of "companionate marriage" that shall bring this young revolt under some sort of social control. He complains that half the American divorces are divorces by collusion, assisted by perjury, because the law does not allow a marriage to be dissolved by the consent of the parties to the contract; and he proposes a divorce proceeding that shall make these legal frauds and criminal conspiracies unnecessary. He finds couples everywhere practising birth control ignorantly and with disastrous results to their health and their happiness; and he pleads that the law be repealed which prevents them from getting any true instruction about such matters. He objects, as he says, to "bootlegging" in sex, divorce and contraceptives, and it is a liberal education in the peculiarities of the modern American mind to read the literature of abuse and misunderstanding that has been poured out in reply to his proposals.

It is evident in all these agitations, and in many more of the same sort, that the strongest upholders of moral prescription are not themselves the most virtuous members of the community. We all know wets who vote for prohibition. One of the warmest defenders of the Sunday blue laws in Bound Brook is a newspaperman who has not been to church in twenty years, and never remembers the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Judge Lindsey reports that the bitterest opponents of his measures are often men who are most guilty against the social standards which they defend. To charge any of these left-handed champions of virtue with hypocrisy is to miss the whole point of what the doctors have been trying to tell us about the mind of man. Hypocrisy is a conscious dissimulation. This modern American phenomenon is unconscious. It arises in the mind below the levels of conscious and intelligent control. That is why it is so powerful, so immune to ridicule, so proof against argument, and so dangerous to anyone who tries, like Judge Lindsey, to argue with it.

As soon as you begin to dig in the lower mental strata of the average American you come upon his mother's voice. It was she who trained him in his childhood—she and the nursemaid and the schoolma'am who were her surrogates. The American father is an absentee father; he is too busy to help raise his family; he leaves the children, as he leaves the housekeeping, to his wife; and the American boy gets all his early lessons in how to live from women. His idealism is a feminine idealism. That is the striking peculiarity of the American civilization. It is what made President Wilson such a puzzle to the pragmatic European statesmen—and produced such a glorified Boy Scout as Gene Tunney in the prize-ring. The foreign idealist is the poet, like Keats, who escapes reality in instinctive dreams of beauty; or he is the hero, like Nelson, who makes a romance of his instinctive patriotism and dies as poetically as Romeo for love of his country; or he preaches a Utopian theory of social perfectibility, like Lenin, and is as religiously entombed as a new Messiah. But the typical American idealist is a man, like Emerson, who attempts to overcome facts with moral concepts, not aesthetic, or instinctive, or social ones. His moral concepts may be private virtues expanded to the size of constitutional amendments and written into the laws of the nation, but they remain private virtues—orginally derived from his conception of his relations with God—and they are commonly quite futile as law and quite absurdly inapplicable to the facts of human nature.

The typical American mother is a Puritan mother to whom many of the most potent facts of human nature are not facts but vices. They are things that ought not to be. In the training of her child, she rules that they shall not be. Supreme in the security of her home, she prohibits them. But her husband, outside his home, is compelled to deal with people as they really are, and he learns to accept the facts about humanity as facts which he must face in his business, or his trade, or his profession. If he is to prosper, he must become pragmatical, though his wife remains idealistic. The more prosperous he grows, the more idealistic it is possible for her to be. And he encourages her. He keeps his idealism in his wife's name. He believes in her ideals as worthy aspirations toward making a better world; and though he compromises with reality himself, he is willing to let her remain uncompromising. Those of his sons who follow in his footsteps imitate his conduct in business but continue to subscribe to their mother's hope. Those sons who follow the mother—usually because of a revolt against the father—become uncompromising moral idealists of the most impractical type.

It seems plain, from the last Presidential election, that this American combination of realism in business and idealism in morals is going to continue as a national psychology. Hoover was elected by the "prosperity type" of business man and by the feminine idealists of both sexes. Business will be allowed to flourish and rejoice under its official motto "Let us alone," but all the moral prohibitions and Puritan censorships will be publicly enforced. They will also be privately evaded. A great many cynics are going to be amused, like the *New Yorker*, by the discrepancy between the pretension and the performance. Most of our foreign-born citizens will be as disgusted as the Italians in Bound Brook who attend the Sunday movies. And a few of our most valuable public men will be destroyed, like Judge Lindsey, in their attempts to make our ideals more practical and our morality more realistic. But the banners of our pretension will not be lowered, and I wish to propose that on those banners there shall always be carried the portrait of a great American who once lived through a period like our present one and lived through it so happily and so efficiently and with so much distinction to himself and so much profit to mankind that he ought to be imitated as a model and invoked as a patron saint by every patriot who will have to march, for the next decade, under the leadership of Volstead and Mabel Willebrandt, the Ministerial

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Alliance, the Ku Klux Klan, the Purity League and Dr. John Roach Straton.

I refer to Benjamin Franklin.

By one of the strangest distortions ever produced in the comic mirrors of history, Franklin is popularly revered today as a shrewd New England Yankee who preached small thrift, "early to bed and early to rise," "don't pay too much for your whistle," "if you would have your business done, go; if not, send," "a small leak will sink a great ship," "it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright," "what maintains one vice would bring up two children," and so forth, through the whole litany of Poor Richard's pious little parsimonies. In a slightly more accurate glass, he is reflected as the eminent go-getter of his day who originated the first Rotary Club in his famous Junto, organized the first fire-department and the first police force in America, promoted the first public library and the first philosophical society, procured the first hospital for Philadelphia and founded that "free school for the instruction of poor children" which grew into the present University of Pennsylvania. Still another mirror makes him chiefly a Yankee scientist and inventor because he discovered that lightning is a discharge of electricity and devised the first lightning rod, made the first American stove by building a portable iron fireplace with a stove-pipe, designed a laundry mangle and a stove to consume its own smoke, proved the value of chemical fertilizers, observed the Gulf Stream and first took its temperature, experimented with the use of oil to calm the waves in a storm, investigated waterspouts and whirlwinds, the phosphorescence of sea water, the cause of the saltiness of the sea, why dark colors absorb more of the sun's heat than light ones, why vessels move faster in deep water than shallow, and—among other things—magnetism, rainfall, evaporation and the aurora borealis. A more grandiose portrait shows him as the world-famous statesman and pamphleteer of the American Revolution, the man of whom Edmund Burke said that when he was examined by a committee of the British House of Commons concerning the grievances of the American colonists he bore himself like a master surrounded by a parcel of schoolboys, the able diplomatist who is now credited with having financed the American War of Independence single-handed with the subsidies which he wheedled from the French court, the super-man whom Mirabeau acclaimed: "Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants."

Underwood

Franklin at the French Court

But the portrait of Franklin that ought to be carried on the banners of the regimented American today is none of these. It is a portrait that has never been painted. There are only bits of it in the private comments of some of his Puritan contemporaries. John Adams said of him: "The Catholics thought him almost a Catholic. The Church of England claimed him as one of them. The Presbyterians thought him half a Presbyterian, and the Friends believed him a wet Quaker." The same Adams, afterwards the second President of the United States, complained bitterly of Franklin's "extreme indolence and dissipation" and his "passion for women." Thomas Jefferson wrote of Franklin: "There are defects in the life of that great man which it is not wise to palliate or excuse." Charles Francis Adams, a descendant of President John Adams, wrote a life of his ancestor in which he derived Franklin's sins from "a defective early education which made his morality superficial and undermined his religious faith." This is the Franklin whom I propose as the patron saint of the new dispensation—the respected citizen who lived honored in the midst of a Puritan community though he had at least two illegitimate children and saw one of them made the colonial Governor of New Jersey—the moralist who wrote "what maintains one vice would bring up two children" and did both without disgrace—the author of "Miss Polly Baker's" Court speech in defense of herself and her illegitimate child, and of Franklin's "Advice to a Young Man on the Choice of a Mistress"—the old beau who carried on a score a flirtations at the age of seventy with a circle of witty ladies of the French court, one of whom wrote him one hundred and nineteen love-letters that are still extant—the Franklin, in short, who lived less indolently, more fully, and with greater advantage to mankind than all the Puritan Adamses before or since, and died jocularly at the age of eighty-four after so much "felicity," as he said, "that were it offered to my choice, I should have no objection to a repetition of the same life from the beginning"—the Franklin, in fact, who in a day more Puritan and prohibitive even than ours, lived and died, consciously and subconsciously, the Happy Hypocrite.

He began with a public revolt against Puritanism in Boston. Born in 1706, he was apprenticed at twelve years of age to his brother James, who was a printer; and, at the age of sixteen, he was writing satiric and radical pieces for his brother's newspaper, the *New England Courant*. That paper—in words attributed to Cotton Mather—was "full-freighted with nonsence, unmanliness, railery, prophaneness, immorality, arrogance, calumnies, lies, contradictions, and what not, all tend-

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ing to quarrels and divisions, and to debauch and corrupt the minds and manners of New England." In June 1722, his brother was sent to jail for a month for publishing a hoax that made fun of the government of Massachusetts. Benjamin printed the paper in the interval. Six months later, the authorities took offense at an attack in the *Courant* upon "religious knaves" as the worst knaves in the world, and the Council issued an order forbidding James Franklin to publish his paper. He arranged to have it issued in Benjamin Franklin's name. To do that, he had to release his brother from his original articles of indenture as an apprentice and get him to sign new ones which were kept secret. The paper continued cheerfully satirical and offensive to such a degree that Benjamin found himself "pointed at with horror as an infidel or atheist," as he says in his autobiography. Boston began to be too hostile to him. His brother was cruel. "He was passionate," he writes, and "had often beaten me." Finally, late in 1723, Benjamin revolted against his tyranny and left his brother's service, "presuming," as he says, that James "would not venture to produce the new indentures." His father took sides against him in the quarrel that followed; his brother had him blacklisted among the printers; he could not find work in Boston; so he ran away from home.

He arrived in Philadelphia, by way of New York, and got work in a print shop. But he was alone, among strangers, in a more genial atmosphere than Boston's, and for the moment, he abandoned his revolt against Puritanism. In November 1724, he sailed for London to buy materials for a printshop of his own, but his backer in this undertaking failed to supply him with the promised funds, and he remained stranded in London to work at his trade. Here he blossomed out as a free-thinker and a rather loose-liver, among some wild companions. He wrote and published in London, at the age of nineteen, a thesis to prove that "whatever is is right" and "from the attributes of God, his infinite wisdom, goodness and power, concluded that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world, and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions, no such things existing." His arguments converted some of his friends, particularly two of them with whom he was most intimate. But, as he says, "each of them having afterwards wronged me greatly without the least compunction, and recollecting Keith's conduct toward me (who was another free-thinker) and my own toward Vernon and Miss Read, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect this doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful."

When he returned to Philadelphia in 1726, he gave up all outward revolt. He devised for himself a "useful" religion of which the main dogma was "the most acceptable service to God is doing good to man." He let others "enjoy their religious sentiments without reflecting on them," as he afterwards wrote in a letter, even when they "appeared to me insupportable or even absurd." "All sects here," he added, "and we have a great variety, have experienced my good will in assisting them with subscriptions for the building their new places of worship; and, as I have never opposed any of their doctrines, I hope to go out of the world in peace with them all." Almost on his deathbed, he admitted that he had "some doubts" of the divinity of Christ, "though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and thinking it needless to busy myself with it now. I expect soon of an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble"—that is to say, by dying, which he did a few weeks later. He had observed, he said, that the Supreme Being did not "distinguish the unbelievers in His government of the world with any particular marks of His displeasure." And "having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness."

By this psychological device, he not only satisfied his religious instinct; he evaded all the Klans and Ministerial Alliances and embattled bigots of his day. Religion gave him little trouble. His struggles with morality were more protracted and less consciously intelligent. An accurate account of them would fill a book, as indeed they chiefly fill his autobiography. But, throughout his life, you will find him making a perhaps unconscious distinction between morality as an inner and an outer grace, between virtue as a spiritual efficiency and virtue as a social asset. And in his conduct, as he mellowed, he tended more and more to strive for the reputation for morality, which he found so valuable, even when he could not arrive at the morality itself. For instance, in writing of his attempts to achieve humility, he says, at fifty: "I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the *reality* of this virtue, but I had a good deal (of success) with regard to the *appearance* of it." And again. "In order to secure my credit and character as a tradesman, I took care not only to be in *reality* industrious and frugal, but to avoid all *appearances* to the contrary. I drest plainly; I was seen at no places of idle diversion. I never went out a-fishing or shooting; a book, indeed, sometimes debauched me from my work, but that was seldom, snug and free from scandal; and to show that I was not above my business, I sometimes brought home the paper I purchased at the stores through the streets on a wheel-barrow." But, as a matter of fact, he never practised very enthusiastically the industry and thrift which he so carefully pretended to. He preached them in "Poor Richard's Almanac" because he thought them good for "the common people" and because they proved popular and therefore paid. And he preached them to himself because—like Emerson's Self-Reliance—they were virtues which he did not have. But he never patented any of his inventions or tried to make a penny out of them. And he sold his printing shop, his almanac, and his newspaper at the age of 42, and retired from any further appearance of commercial thrift and industry on an income of about $5000.

Franklin had one great advantage over the typical American of today—he was his father's boy and not his mother's. He scarcely mentions his mother in his autobiography though he lauds his father again and again. His father watched and trained and guided him in his formative years, and his morality was never more than roughly masculine. When he was drawing up the list of thirteen virtues in which he desired to perfect himself as a young man, he put "Chastity" as the next to the last, and admonished himself—as the height of his moral ambition—"Rarely use venery but for health or offspring; never to dulness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's face or reputation." Avoiding immorality as an injury to his own or another's reputation, he easily came to the point where he practised the appearance of virtue for reputation's sake and did not worry

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The Walls of Jericho

The Story of Carry Nation

By HERBERT ASBURY

In the wet Southwest, Carry Nation had heard glowing reports of the dry millenium in Kansas; but when she moved to that state she discovered that the prohibition law did not prohibit. Out of that astounding revelation, great events grew. In this period she tasted the blood of the first wrecked saloon, and liked it

THE VOTERS of Kansas adopted a constitutional amendment in 1880 whereby the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages became illegal except for medical, scientific and mechanical purposes, and the Murray Enforcement Act, passed a year later by the Legislature, was upheld in 1883 by the State Supreme Court. During her residence in the Southwest, Carry Nation had heard glowing reports of the great benefits of the Kansas statutes, and when she removed to Medicine Lodge she expected to dwell in a land wherein the very name of whisky was anathema. But to her horror she found as much drinking as she had seen in Missouri and Texas, for the law was more honored in the breach than in the observance. Every Kansas town had its quota of saloons (popularly called joints and the owners jointists), and in many communities, especially in the larger cities, they were operated as openly as in states which regularly licensed barrooms. In other places they were conducted in the manner of the modern speakeasy, with a front room ostensibly devoted to a restaurant or other legitimate business, and a rear room in which bartenders in white jackets dispensed liquors over real bars. There were few drug stores which did not include among their furnishings a plain board counter and barrels of whisky and beer, and it was seldom that a customer was required to go through the formality of producing a prescription, although such documents were easily obtained from physicians who worked in prosperous harmony with the druggists. And the state fairly teemed with bootleggers, who are said to have acquired their appellation in Kansas and Indian Territory during the early eighteen eighties because of their habit of carrying bottles of liquor in the legs of their heavy boots.

The burning political question in Kansas during the ten years that preceded Carry Nation's outbreak was resubmission of the prohibition amendment. The potential effectiveness of the law was seriously threatened late in 1890, when the United States Supreme Court held that it could not apply to liquor sent into Kansas from another state and sold from the original package, as such a shipment came within the purview of the inter-state commerce laws. But Congress promptly gave Kansas the necessary power, and thereafter opponents of the amendment concentrated their efforts on spreading re-submission propaganda, and on nullification, hoping by widespread and continual violation to break down the enforcement act entirely and make prohibition unpopular. Breweries and distilleries in Missouri, Illinois and other states, for which Kansas was an important market, provided money for the fight, and several times the temperance people narrowly averted the passage of re-submission resolutions, and apparently innocuous measures which would have legalized the operation of the saloon under various guises.

Carry Nation participated in the struggle against re-submission with characteristic vigor and enthusiasm, but during the early period of her life in Kansas she confined her activities to Barber County. There were seven places in Medicine Lodge where liquor was sold more or less openly, but for several years it did not occur to her to employ force against them; she was content to deliver public denunciations and further the work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of which she and Mrs. Wesley Cain, wife of the Baptist minister, organized a chapter in Medicine Lodge during the middle eighteen nineties. As jail evangelist of the organization, it was Carry Nation's duty to introduce religious and temperance propaganda into the county jail, where the prisoners invariably told her that drink had been chiefly responsible for their troubles. The smoldering hatred of the saloon and all its works, that had so discolored her life since her first husband was buried in a drunkard's grave, was fanned by these revelations into a searing flame of anger, and grew steadily into a determination to rid not only Kansas but the world of the places which she regarded as dens of vice and breeders of sin and misery. She acquired an old hand-organ that was in sad need of tuning, and with Mrs. Cain began to serenade the saloons and hold impromptu prayer meetings before their swinging doors. They banged loudly upon the wheezy old organ, and in quavering voices sang such hymns as "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "The Prodigal Son." When a crowd had gathered, Carry Nation cried a blistering diatribe against liquor and implored God to smite the "manufacturers of drunkards and the rum-soaked defilers of mankind," while the men who had been drinking inside sneaked out through the back door and left the proprietor alone in his wrath. She interfered seriously with the business of the jointists, and not unnaturally they looked upon her as a pest; they ridiculed her and called her crazy, yet they could not stop her. But they refused to close their places, and the authorities ignored her demands that the law be enforced.

CARRY NATION finally decided that drastic measures were necessary. So on a Saturday afternoon late in the summer of 1899, after a day of prayer and fasting, she and Mrs. Wesley Cain donned their best alpaca dresses and their most becoming poke bonnets, and set forth with the hand-organ. Medicine Lodge was filled with farmers in town for their weekly trading, and the spectacle of two motherly old women trudging through the streets lugging a hand-organ and lustily imploring the Lord to lend strength to their arms was a welcome diversion from the traditional lounging at corners and haggling over goods and provisions. Men, women and children promptly fell in behind the crusaders, and when they dropped the organ upon the sidewalk before Mart Strong's saloon, they were quickly surrounded by more than two hundred persons, all waiting impatiently for something to happen. Carry Nation faced the eager and expectant gathering, raised her tightly furled cotton um-

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brella high above her head and shouted:

"Men and women of Medicine Lodge, this is a joint! Let us pray!"

For a few minutes her voice rose in supplication, while several in the crowd who sympathized with her cried "Amen!" and "Glory to God!" Then, while Mrs. Cain manipulated the organ, Carry Nation flung her umbrella across her shoulders as if it were a musket, and dramatically pushed aside the swinging doors. Cheers broke from the excited crowd, and Carry Nation strode purposefully into the saloon. It is doubtful if Carry Nation herself knew just what she intended to do when she thus entered a saloon for the first time in her life, but whatever her purpose she failed to accomplish it, for she had penetrated no farther than the front room when Mart Strong hurried from the bar and checked her progress. Taking her by the shoulders, he whirled her around, despite her shrieks and the flailing umbrella, and hustled her into the street, crying in great exasperation:

"Get out of here, you crazy woman!"

With tears streaming from her eyes, Carry Nation continued alternately to sing and hurl invective at the saloon-keeper, and Mrs. Cain and half a dozen other women joined in the song. Carry Nation kept trying to enter the saloon, but every time she put her foot over the threshold Mart Strong shoved her back, whereat she redoubled her cries and the voices of her constantly enlarging choir rose in a mighty shout of threatened vengeance. Finally Mart Strong pushed her so violently that she sat down with an audible bump, and James Gano, the town Marshal, who had been fidgeting about in an agony of uncertainty, felt impelled to utter a word of caution:

"Now, Mart! Go easy, Mart!"

The saloon-keeper was in no mood to listen, and when Carry had scrambled to her feet he gave her another vigorous push. She staggered back and caromed off the Marshal, who clutched her arm and voiced a desire that was destined to be heartily repeated during the next few years by harassed officials throughout the United States.

"I wish," said Mr. Gano, wistfully, "that I could take you off the streets."

"Yes!" she cried. "You want to take me, a woman whose heart is breaking to see the ruin of these men, the desolate homes and broken laws, and you a constable oath-bound to close this man's unlawful business. Why don't you do your duty?"

A score of women took up the cry, and the abashed Marshal slipped through the crowd and scurried down an alley, his ears ringing with the chant, "Do your duty! Do your duty!" Mart Strong's frightened customers raced pell mell down a side street, but one, a farm hand who had been imbibing freely, was dragged down from the top of a fence over which he had hoped to escape. Little more than a mass of whirling arms and legs, he was pulled and hustled to the front of the saloon, where he was thrown down before the organ and the women set up a cry:

Mrs. Nation and her hatchet

"A drunkard! A drunkard!"

Carry Nation dropped to her knees and began to pray loudly for his soul, while Mrs. Cain flew furiously at the organ. The old instrument wheezed out a tune, and Carry Nation and others sang on and on, with intervals of prayer, while the organ groaned and rattled and the excitement of the crowd mounted rapidly to frenzy, for half a dozen fights had developed, and on all sides the friends and foes of liquor belligerently jostled each other. But presently the bewildered farm hand untangled his legs and struggled upright, and when Carry Nation swooped at him and shouted that his breath reeked horribly with whisky, he plunged through the mob and raced wildly down the street. He was hatless and coatless, but he stayed not to recover his garments. The last seen of him he was scampering madly across the fields beyond the town, with two determined women in full cry behind him. With her horrible example gone, Carry Nation made a final but unsuccessful assault upon Mart Strong's barred doors, and then turned triumphantly homeward, waving her umbrella above her head and singing "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," for she was experiencing the birth pangs of a new obsession—she felt that she was to be the John Brown of Prohibition.

That evening intense excitement prevailed throughout the town, and men who had for years spent their Saturday nights in the saloons, peacefully drinking, now had nothing to do but stand at street corners and discuss the new terror. Women by the dozen rapped upon the Mayor's door and complained that Carry Nation had been insulted, abused and man-handled by Mart Strong; and they enlarged upon the circumstances until it was noised about that Strong had perpetrated the worst offense in the mid-West's calendar of crimes—that he had horsewhipped a woman.

Finally, about midnight, the Mayor and several Councilmen went in a body to Strong's saloon, where they found the saloon-keeper and a few cronies playing cards behind locked doors. The officials expressed surprise and indignation on finding beer and whisky on the premises, and sternly told Strong that such wanton trifling with the law would not be tolerated in Medicine Lodge, and that he must leave town immediately or take the consequences. Strong replied that nothing could induce him to remain. He departed next morning, and Carry Nation publicly rejoiced that there were but six joints remaining in Medicine Lodge

So far as the immediate vicinity of Medicine Lodge was concerned, Carry Nation thus became overnight a figure of the utmost significance, and when

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she appeared at church next morning, flushed and glowing with pride, she received a tremendous ovation. Early Monday morning she issued an ultimatum calling upon the joint-keepers to close their doors and abandon their wicked traffic, and threatening them both with her own vengeance and that of the Lord. They did not obey her, but they kept out of her way and opened their bars only to trusted drinkers, and for a few days Carry Nation was content to rest upon her laurels and bask in the plaudits of her friends and the glory of past performances. Then a weeping woman walked into the Nation home and said that for six weeks her husband had been drinking steadily in Henry Durst's saloon.

"She had been washing to feed her three children," wrote Carry Nation, "and for some days had had nothing to eat except corn bread and molasses. She said her husband had come home once wild with drink, and had kicked over a table and chased his family out of the house."

CARRY NATION heard the woman through and spent the next half hour in prayer and meditation. Then she put on her bonnet, took her umbrella and Bible, and, with the drunkard's wife trotting by her side, she marched down the main street of the town. Five men had been drinking at Durst's bar, but when they heard that Carry Nation was once more on the war-path, they fled hastily through the back doorway, and Durst himself, curious to see what was happening and astonished that the women had not attacked his door, made the mistake of stepping into the street. Carry Nation promptly pounced upon him, and clutching his coat lapels she screamed that he would go to hell unless he closed his saloon. Durst twisted away and ran back into the barroom, where he locked and barred the door. But he heard Carry Nation shout to the crowd that if the joint was not closed within three days she would hold a prayer meeting before the entrance twice a day until the saloon-keeper saw the error of his wicked ways, or until God smote him with suffering and disaster. It seemed too big a chance to take, so before the time limit had expired, Durst abandoned his business.

Carry Nation's next foray upon the battlements of Castle Barleycorn resulted in the downfall of Hank O'Bryan, who ostensibly operated a restaurant. On her way home one night, early in 1900, from a particularly stirring prayer meeting Carry Nation went into O'Bryan's place, but found no one in there save Jack Grogan, one of O'Bryan's best customers, who was occasionally employed as bartender. She knew Grogan well, for only a year before she had labored earnestly to convert him while he was temporarily incarcerated in the county jail for fighting and drinking. He jumped toward a window when he discovered her identity, but he had scarcely gained the sill when Carry Nation clutched his coat-tails and dragged him back. Then she said, sternly:

"You have a dive here!"

"No, Mother Nation," protested Grogan. "You are wrong."

"I smell the horrid drink!" she cried. "Let me see what you have in the back room."

The frightened Grogan led her through several passages, and finally into a small room in which were several tables strewn with empty bottles. Before one of the tables sat a man named Smith, of Sharon, Kansas, who had incurred the enmity of the W. C. T. U. of that town, and for the time being was in exile. Grogan introduced Carry Nation, and Smith looked "terrified and astonished," and hung his head when she made caustic comment upon his presence in a joint.

"You are going to hell," she said, "but I am going to pray to God to have mercy on you. Kneel down."

Humbly, but with visible embarrassment, they knelt, and stared sheepishly at the floor while Carry Nation prayed. Then she told Grogan to inform Hank O'Bryan that he must close his joint or she would close it for him, and having swept the bottles from the table into a broken heap upon the floor, she stalked out and went on her way rejoicing. O'Bryan was so worried by Grogan's tale of his adventure with Carry Nation, and so dismayed by her threat to visit his place again when she could stay longer and accomplish more, that he padlocked his back room, and thereafter confined his business activities to selling food.

OF THE four joints left in Medicine Lodge, three closed within a fortnight at the request of the annoyed city and county officials, and Carry Nation joyfully concentrated her attention upon O. L. Day, a druggist who had no permit to sell liquor, but whose store nevertheless became a popular loafing place for known drinkers. Mr. Day was frightened but defiant, and when Carry Nation accused him of concealing whisky on his premises, he declared indignantly that he had no spirits whatever except a keg of California brandy, which he had purchased for seventy-five dollars and intended to dispense on prescription as soon as he received a permit. But Carry Nation said scornfully and at considerable length that any physician who gave his patients liquor was a fool and a rummy, and with Mrs. Noble she rushed into the back room, where they found a ten-gallon keg tucked away under the prescription counter. Carry Nation turned the keg over and rolled it into the front room, crying loudly:

"Women, this is the whisky!"

"That's my fine California brandy!" cried the druggist, frantically.

"It's devil's brew to destroy the souls of men!" retorted Carry Nation.

Mr. Day and his clerk rushed forward and seized one end of the keg, while Marshal Gano, who had scented mischief and followed the women into the store, grabbed the other end. But Carry Nation promptly straddled the keg, and they could not dislodge her, although they pushed and hauled vigorously, unmindful of her shrieks.

"That's private property, Mother Nation!" cried the Marshal. "Let it be!"

"It's the broth of hell!" yelled Carry Nation. "Women, help!"

FINALLY the exasperated Marshal caught her shoulders and pressed her head against his chest with such force that she feared her neck would be broken. She redoubled her cries for aid, whereupon Mrs. Noble clutched the Marshal's coat collar and yanked him away. Carry Nation then triumphantly rolled the keg into the street, where the main body of the attackers was drawn up in straggly formation, while Mrs. Wesley Cain marched back and forth before them, declaiming loudly:

"Don't any one touch these women! They are Christian women trying to save the boys of our state!"

Meanwhile the Marshal had concluded that his official presence was required at the other end of the town, and the several score of men and women who had gathered to watch the raid cheered or hooted, according to their sympathies. Carry Nation dispatched an emissary to a hardware store to borrow a hatchet, but the owner of the

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emporium indignantly refused to lend the tool. Mrs. Noble then invaded a blacksmith shop and returned lugging a huge sledge-hammer, with which Carry Nation smashed the side of the keg. The liquor spouted high into the air, and its pungent odor drew men from all parts of the town as molasses draws flies. They stood hopefully about waiting for the crusaders to depart, but they were disappointed, for after Carry Nation had filled a bottle she poured the remainder of the liquor into the gutter and set it afire. Then the triumphant women returned to the W. C. T. U. rooms, where they held a prayer and praise service for several hours.

FOR THE FIRST TIME since Kansas had voted for Prohibition, Medicine Lodge was free of joints, to the great glee of Carry Nation and the bootleggers, who found the town an excellent market. But the friends of liquor were not satisfied to let matters rest for a while and bide their time. They attempted reprisals, and with the incredible stupidity which has always marked the blundering progress of the saloon through American life, they employed force in a futile attempt to swerve Carry Nation from what she considered her sacred duty. Gangs of hoodlums which she described as the "Republican rum element," attacked her home and that of Mrs. Wesley Cain, smashing windows and doors with stones, wrecking Carry Nation's buggy, and cutting her harness. These and similar imbecilities soon aroused on behalf of Carry Nation the active sympathy of many influential citizens who had hitherto opposed her militant religiosity and her crusades against liquor; and among the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and in the poorer sections where the women were the principal sufferers from drink, she assumed the importance of an oracle, and the spiritual stature of one destined to wear the crown of martyrdom.

Carry Nation was elected President of the Barber County chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union soon after she had succeeded in driving out the saloon-keepers and placing prohibition upon a firm foundation in Medicine Lodge. During the spring of 1900 she visited Kiowa, a very small town with a great number of joints. She cautiously investigated the situation, and although she entered many saloons and peremptorily ordered the jointists to close their doors, she attempted no punitive measures, realizing that she was in the heart of the enemy's country and would be sorely handicapped without her supporting troops. But she returned to Medicine Lodge with evidence, and proceeded to embarrass county and state officials almost beyond the limits of endurance. She proffered her information to the County Attorney, Samuel Griffen, and demanded that he proceed immediately against the Kiowa joints. But Mr. Griffen was engaged upon a multitude of other official tasks, and could not spare the time for liquor prosecutions. Carry Nation promptly accused him of accepting bribes from the whisky interests, and Mr. Griffen just as promptly sued her for slander. When the case came to trial a few months later, a jury awarded him damages of one dollar, which Carry Nation paid immediately. But the costs of the action, amounting to some two hundred dollars, were also assessed against her, and a judgment was levied upon her home, which she was unable to satisfy until she began lecturing and selling souvenir hatchets.

WHEN Mr. Griffen thus clearly indicated his disapproval of her methods, Carry Nation wrote to the State-Attorney-General, A. A. Goddard, in Topeka. But Mr. Goddard likewise displayed an inclination to let enforcement in Barber county take care of itself, so she dispatched a burning missive to Governor William A. Stanley, who had been a noted Sunday School teacher in Wichita for twenty years. But the governor was engaged upon a gigantic crusade of his own; in the illustrious company of William Allen White and Ed Howe he was attempting to shame the women of Kansas into abandoning the vice of card playing.

In this extremity, repulsed by mundane power and authority, Carry Nation again had recourse to prayer and supplication. For many years she had been sporadically addicted to the practice of bibliomancy, and often decided important questions by interpreting a Scriptural passage thus chosen at random. She now employed this system of divination incessantly, and improved upon the usual method by opening her Bible and, with her eyes tightly shut, jabbing a pin at the page, and attempting to read encouragement in the verse thus impaled. But she found nothing that satisfied her until the late afternoon of June 5, 1900, when the pin quivered in the first verse of the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

Carry Nation interpreted this to mean that at last God was ready to send her forth upon the mission for which she had so obviously been chosen. In a flutter of delight she donned a sackcloth garment and flew into the street, where she ran back and forth in front of her home, madly dancing and singing. To a friend who passed and inquired the cause of the outburst she replied, "There is to be a change in my life!" Throughout the evening, with ashes upon her head, she knelt in her kitchen waiting for further instructions. But none came, and that night, while her friends throughout the town were sadly shaking their heads and saying sorrowfully that she had lost her mind, she flung herself on the floor at the foot of her bed and poured out her agony in prayer: "Oh, God, you see the treason in Kansas. They are going to break the mothers' hearts; they are going to send the boys to drunkards' graves and a drunkard's hell. I have exhausted all my means. Oh, Lord, you have plenty of ways. You have saved the base things and the weak things; use me to save Kansas. I have but one life to give you. If I had a thousand, I would give them all. Please show me something to do." She went to sleep by the side of her husband, and slumbered peacefully until dawn, when she was awakened by a musical voice that murmured in her ear, "Go to Kiowa!" The order was thrice repeated, and then she felt her hands lifted and thrown down upon the bed covers, and heard plainly, "I'll stand by you!" This assurance of support was clear and distinct, and was followed by another command, which did not appear to have been spoken, but which she felt was forcibly impressed upon her heart and mind. And it was of the utmost significance, and destined to have far-reaching results:

"Take something in your hands and throw at those places and smash them!"

CARRY NATION arose from bed in a transport of joy, for she felt that now the Lord had, in the fifty-fourth year of her age, identified her task and definitely pointed out to her the path upon which she must tread. And she felt gloriously certain that the way would be strewn with the thorn and stubble of persecution and revilement.

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During the morning she went about her household duties singing, and at intervals she walked into the back yard and picked up stones and brickbats, (she wrecked several saloons with stones and iron bars before she ever used a hatchet), which she carried into the house in her apron and wrapped one by one in old newspapers. At half-past three o'clock in the afternoon she had accumulated a great pile of missiles, and was ready to obey the command of the musical voice to go to Kiowa. She hitched her horse to the buggy, drove out of the stable lot, and set out down the long, dusty road. The horse chose his own gait, for she sat with the reins held loosely in her hands, lips moving in prayer and rapt gaze turned to heaven.

Carry Nation had expected to spend the night with a friend who lived about half-way between Kiowa and Medicine Lodge, but as she neared the farm-house she was more and more impressed with the notion that she must go on to Kiowa. Yet the sun was slowly setting, and she did not relish a night drive along a lonesome road. So she invoked divine guidance. "Oh, Lord," she prayed, "if it be Thy will for me to go to Kiowa have Prince (her horse) pass this open gate," knowing that the animal would never do so unless God commanded it. She shook the reins, and as the horse lazily started to turn toward the gate, an unseen hand smote him smartly upon the rump. He jumped forward, and the buggy rattled swiftly down the road, with Carry Nation joyfully shouting and singing. She reached Kiowa at eight-thirty o'clock, and slept at the home of a friend without divulging the purpose of her visit. Next morning she hitched Prince to her buggy and set out upon the first real smashing expedition of her career. She drove to Dobson's saloon, and with a dozen or more brickbats and stones stacked neatly upon her left arm she pushed open the door and entered, to find the proprietor swabbing the bar and a half dozen men drinking pick-me-ups. They stared unbelievingly as the motherly old woman approached them, but started nervously when she suddenly stopped and shouted:

"Men! I have come to save you from a drunkard's fate!"

Mr. Dobson, who had known Carry Nation for years, sighed and came from behind the bar, while his customers hurriedly gulped their drinks and edged stealthily toward the back door.

"Now, Mother Nation," began Mr. Dobson, soothingly.

"I told you last spring to close this place, Mr. Dobson," said Carry Nation, sternly, "and you did not do it. Now I have come here with another remonstrance. Get out of the way. I do not want to strike you, but I am going to break this place up."

The saloon-keeper attempted to placate her, but she ignored him and flung her brickbats and stones hard and fast. The first missile smashed the mirror behind the bar, and as Mr. Dobson winced at the spectacle, a torrent of paper-covered stones shattered bottles and glasses.

"My strength," Carry Nation said afterward, "was that of a giant. I felt invincible. God was certainly standing by now." Not knowing what else to do, the owner of the saloon retreated to a corner, where he remained silent but suffering while Carry Nation swept a devastating passage through his property. But she had not forgotten him. When the last of her missiles had been hurled and the interior of the bar-room lay in ruins, she turned to him and said, "Now, Mr. Dobson, I have finished. God be with you." Mr. Dobson's reply has not been preserved for posterity. Singing her favorite battle song, "Who hath sorrow? Who hath woe?" she plunged into another saloon a block from Dobson's and wrecked it before the astounded bartender and proprietor could make any effective resistance against the hail of stones and brickbats. Expressing the wish that God be with them also, she raced madly across the way to Lewis's saloon, where, a young man, little more than a boy, was polishing glasses behind the bar. The few customers in the place fled out the back door when the dumpy figure of the excited crusader bulked large in the doorway, and as the youthful bartender gaped at her she cried:

"Young man, come from behind that bar! Your mother did not raise you for such a place!"

She flung a brick at his head, and as it raised his hair in passing, he hastened to obey her command. Bent almost double, he weaved swiftly across the room and through the open door, and scurried away with his white apron flapping in the breeze. Carry Nation swept the bar clean of bottles and glassware, ripped half a dozen sporting prints from the walls, overturned a few beer-stained tables, kicked and wrenched the rungs from several chairs, and then turned her attention to the long mirror, in which she fancied she saw the reflection of Satan's grinning countenance. She hurled a brick at it, but the mirror was thick plate glass and did not break, so she searched the wreckage for a better missile. She found a heavy billiard ball, and threw it with such force that both the mirror and Satan were splintered and fell to the floor with a crash, bringing with them a score of bottles from the shelf behind the bar. By this time the news that Carry Nation was in town had penetrated throughout Kiowa, and when she emerged from Lewis's saloon into an atmosphere redolent with the pungent fumes of whisky and beer, she found several hundred persons pushing and shoving in the narrow street. The crowd fell back while she gathered stones and flung them through the windows, and then she turned and cried:

"Men of Kiowa, I have destroyed three of your places of business. If I have broken a statute of Kansas, put me in jail. If I am not a lawbreaker, your Mayor and Councilmen are. You must arrest one of us, for if I am not a criminal they are."

She clambered into her buggy and gathered up the reins, but the city Marshal caught Prince's bridle and asked her to talk to the Mayor before returning to Medicine Lodge. So while Carry Nation triumphantly sang a hymn, the Marshal led the horse to the

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A Better Class Saloon in Carry Nation's Day

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The Modern Bluejacket

By MILTON MACKAYE

The American sailor has changed, during the last decade or so, and the change is all for the good. He is no longer recruited from the nation's riffraff. He is younger, more intelligent; and is honest. But Mr. MacKaye, a member of the New York "Evening Post" staff, feels that the public does not yet appreciate the modern bluejacket

LIFE was pleasantly monotonous in the seaports forty years ago. Trade moved briskly but uneventfully. There was a bright sleepiness about the docks on hot afternoons and a heavy, voluptuous peace. The windlasses creaked and over the wharves hung curious smells of rope and spices and herring. Merchants sauntering homeward nodded to groups of solemn Scandinavians, just off their schooners, who rolled respectably in and out of the fly-blown beer saloons.

But, once a year this peace was shattered. Heavy fields of smoke would rise on the horizon far down the harbor, and eventually from the charcoal sky the darker lines of smokestacks would appear. Then came the alarum that inevitably sent the godly dashing for cover;

"The fleet is in!"

Shutters were lowered and the children snatched hastily in from the street. Young ladies were sent packing to their chambers and the keys turned. Police patrols were augmented. The brass knucks and the billies were placed handily by, and the gendarmes traversed their beats in pairs. The town was set for trouble, and only those who must go to and from their business were abroad.

The man-o-warsman had an evil name then. He was hard, he was rough, he was bad. He was a competent gunner and valiant defender of American rights, but the public preferred him when he was gunning and defending. He used strong language, he brawled and boozed, he divided his shore leave between the brothel and the bar. The bluejacket was not a good citizen and his uniform was a badge of dishonor.

Forty years sees the refashioning of many ideas, but the prejudice against the sailor has never died the death it deserved. Its longevity, even in the light of the known frailities of man, is surprising, for the American public has shown a few signs of growing up. We do not, for instance, still believe that hop-toads cause warts. A bloomer girl could walk down Broadway without raising a jeer or rousing speculation as to her chemical integrity. There is even some doubt now among the Hardshell Baptists that the world was created in seven days. But in spite of these embryo signs of a waking intelligence, the deep laid conviction that a bluejacket is a sinister fellow still persists.

The movies until recently offered most excellent evidence of this survival. The Hollywood psychologists, almost inevitably correct in their plumbing of the stupidities and appreciations of the mob, made dramatic scenery of the sailor. When there was a particularly corrupt den or dive to be portrayed in their entertainment, the idea of depravity was implanted by littering a few bluejackets about the barroom or café. The audience, sighting the uniform, knew at once that it was getting a birds-eye of the city sink-holes.

MISS MARY McELLIOTT
Hostess of the National Navy Club

This adaption of the service man to pictorial needs has, it is a pleasure to say, been abandoned. A plea from the swivel chairs at Washington was responsible. But the popular conviction that fathered the practice survives.

It is more than a little extraordinary that this silly discrimination is to be found among people who are normally superior and intelligent. They are often individuals who are pleasantly free of the various race and political antagonisms, who are consciously proud of their unaffected liberalisms. And yet, glimpsing a uniform in a subway or a café, they permit themselves expressions of distaste. Undoubtedly, many of these people are quite ignorant of their own intolerance. Their reactions are not to them conscious emotions. Nevertheless, rationalized or not, they are revealing the same prejudices that put strength behind their grandfather's boot when he kicked his daughter's sailor escort off the front verandah.

The war helped some, but not even a war could entirely stamp those prejudices out. In war days the army and navy were filled with friends and kinsmen. Service men were entertained everywhere, for this army private or that able seaman might, reasonably, be a university man, a banker's son, or a Sunday school superintendent. And anyway, banker's son or butcher's boy, he was, in the public's warmly-colored mind, potentially a hero. The collapse of this feverish war-time brotherhood was spectacular and quick. When thousands of men were returned to civilian life, there came the inevitable spiritual indigestion that follows national heroics. The public forgot that the personnel might change but that loneliness was an unshifting factor in the life of the service man. The public knew only that it was tired of the uniform. The glamour was gone.

Now, what basis is there for the *present* distrust of the sailor? The old man-o-warsman was admittedly a hard egg. The modern American bluejacket, on the other hand, has taken on the trimmings of civilization. In the first place, there is in the United States no economic urge to send men of the lower classes into the military service. In some countries, faced by starvation and misery in cities where the unemployment problem is grave, the down and-outer chooses the service because it offers him the definite security of food and shelter and paternal solicitude. The American navy, to a large extent,

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escapes that type of recruit. There is plenty of work on shore. The American recruit (this has been indisputably established by many questionnaires) enters the Navy because of the prospect of travel and adventure, because a roving life appeals to him.

It is obvious that such considerations must produce here a higher type seaman than would be possible abroad. The same considerations produce a younger seaman and a changing personnel. The day of the old salt has vanished and no one realizes it more clearly than the Navy Department itself. Recent years have seen successful efforts to make the service something more than a military establishment. The Department has provided trade schools and general education and the chance of promotion. Every ship, every detachment has its educational officer who directs the work. There are extension courses from various universities. Every outside activity goes into the sailor's record. More than half of the recruits who enter the Navy learn a trade. They become electricians, plumbers, carpenters, shipfitters, bookkeepers—what you will. And when they have served their time they are expertly equipped to make their living.

The Navy Department has not been inspired by humanitarian motives in this departure. These advantages, these opportunities for self-betterment that are offered the men, are, as a matter of fact, their own best affidavits of character. For the sailor has advantages only because the government was forced to provide them in order to persuade into service the high type of men it wanted.

There has always been, in any examination of the enlisted man, the unspoken charge to face that he is recruited from what, for want of a better phrase, we call the riffraff. Occasionally the charge is true. The slums of the large cities sometimes turn that type of man into uniform and the resultant dissatisfaction is largely responsible for the current sentiment among many naval experts that the recruiting offices in New York and Philadelphia might better be closed. However, the greater majority of our sailing men—more than seventy per cent—are from the inland provinces and never saw water before their enlistment. Most of the recruits, and this is established through communication with the character references they provide, come from middle-class homes. They are grocers' sons, and ministers' sons and farm hands. They are representatives of the class to which patriotic orators so often refer as "the backbone of the nation." They are, in other words, just boys.

Ten or fifteen years ago it was not unusual to see headlines setting forth that some criminal had been offered a choice between enlisting in the navy or going to jail. Not only in New York City, but throughout the country, magistrates and judges were inclined to save the state the cost of maintaining criminals in prison by forcing them to join the navy. The result of this policy is obvious; it sent into the navy a flood of pick-pockets, thieves and numerous other violators of the law. The extraordinary thing about it is that the navy officials did not immediately realize the effect of this. Eventually some official at Washington saw what was happening, however, and a prompt halt was called. Men with criminal records cannot enlist today. Any recruiting officer would scoff at the notion of accepting a man who otherwise would enter prison.

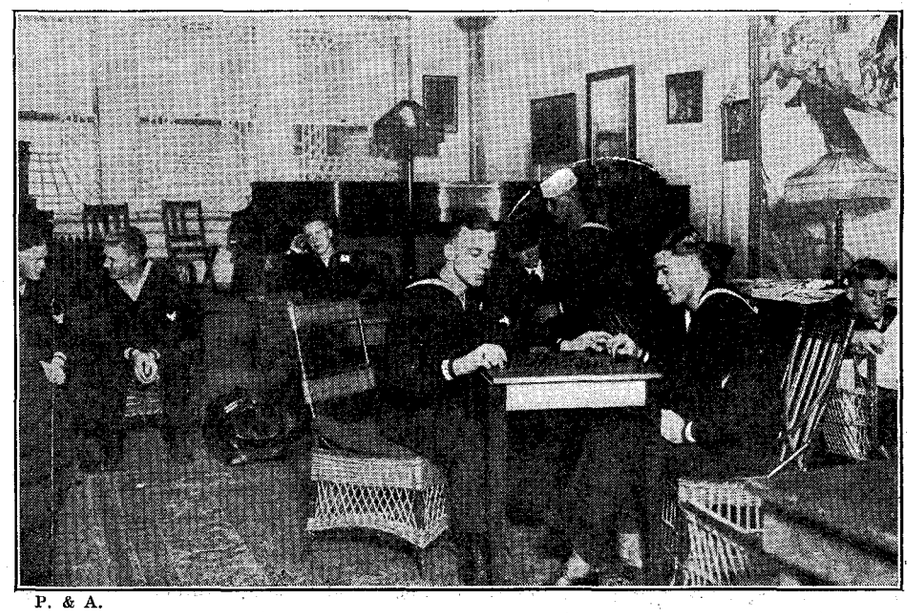
Many of the present personnel entered during the war, and, liking the life, re-enlisted. The recruiting records of 1919 and 1920 show a tremendous influx of youngsters. These were the adolescents who were too tender in years during the conflict to see service. But they remembered the bands and the excitement, and, war or no war, they wanted their taste of adventure and their time in the uniform.

Eighty per cent of the men now in the navy have had grammar school education or better. Many are high school graduates. Their intelligence tests average higher than those of any other navy in the world and average far higher than the blanket intelligences registered in industrial surveys.

And yet, in the face of all these factors, so persistent is the legend of sailor blackguardism that the social problem faced by him is a very real one. It finds its way into his consciousness in innumerable small ways, but it is in his recreations that it is most evident. Recreation may seem to the serious-minded a mildly unimportant concern, but it matters a very great deal to men who have of necessity only brief periods of shore release. And, furthermore, this discrimination is symptomatic of the larger issue. For instance, a man in uniform today cannot attend the higher class ballrooms. He must patronize dance-halls "for men in uniform only," and these are, inevitably, conducted by people who are out to make from the sailor all the money they can. Surreptitious sale of bad liquor and undercover gambling are complementary industries. The atmosphere of the places is unwholesome, and, occasionally, depraved.

This item has many ramifications. Dancing partners are necessary for the unaccompanied man and the better type of girl will not frequent the "sailors only" ballrooms. The result is inevitable. If the sailor is forced into such an environment, if his dance-halls are little better than the brothels his forebears frequented, the fault is not

(Please Turn to Page 558)



P. & A.

A corner of The National Navy Club

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The Trend of Events

Unionizing the South

IN THE LONG RUN the South will profit from the elevation of wages and living standards that should follow the announced campaign of the American Federation of Labor and the United Textile Workers to unionize 300,000 textile operatives in Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, and the Carolinas. The immediate effects of the announcement probably will be to revitalize the shock troops of the labor movement whose sporadic advances have been bitterly opposed, and to stiffen the determination of standpat employers to keep things as they are.

Threats and violence have rained down on labor organizers in the South, notably at Elizabethton, Tennessee, where one group of union men was kidnapped and driven out of town, and at Ware Shoals, South Carolina, where another group was warned to leave while the leaving was good. It is no secret that some Southern employers have resorted to force to dishearten strikers and have used local governments as so many weapons. When an aggressive labor policy has met with these antiquated anti-labor tactics the sparks have flown. No doubt they will fly thickly before the forthcoming campaign is over.

That the union men will triumph in the end, however, seems plain. Southern textiles may only gradually be brought into line with more progressive industries elsewhere, but they can no longer be permitted to lag so flagrantly far behind. The average weekly wage in the Southern textile plants, according to the Federation, is about $12, while thousands work for nine dollars or less. Hours are long, working conditions poor. Company ownership of stores and villages makes for feudalism. Evictions from company houses during strikes may be followed by threats of arrest under long-bow charges of vagrancy. Leaving their looms and frames, strikers speedily exhaust their meagre resources, and when hunger pinches are easily brought to heel.

The Federation plans mass meetings to direct attention to Southern labor conditions. Inevitably, these will create public sentiment favorable to its cause, and steel its arm for the fight which must be waged if our much-vaunted wage and living standards are to be made effective in all sections of the country.

Cause Celebre

IN GASTONIA, NORTH CAROLINA, one of the few Southern centers where strikers have been led by Communists, the struggle of textile workers to better their lot has produced a case which may become a cause célèbre with a vengeance. The essential facts, apparently, are these: On the night of June 7, during a raid on strike headquarters, the Gastonia Chief of Police was shot and killed, while three other officers, as well as one civilian, were wounded. Hence fifteen of the strike leaders have been charged with first-degree murder. The trial is scheduled to open on July, 29, before the date of this issue.

Acme

"GORGEOUS"

George Akerson, Secretary to the President

Three of the defendants are women, one nineteen years old. Two of the men have figured in other strikes in the North. The remaining ten are young Southerners, agents of the Communist National Textile Workers Union (not to be confused with the United Textile Workers), which led the strike. It is not contended that any of the defendants fired the fatal shots, but the death penalty is nevertheless demanded for all fifteen, evidently because, associated in the leadership of the strike, they are held responsible for inciting the violence which culminated in the killing. From the reports that have trickled North, it is not clear whether all of them are charged with having been in the headquarters when the shooting occurred.

It has been difficult to believe that the State would actually go through with these astonishing first-degree murder charges. Yet at the time of this writing there was no indication that it would not. The defense, engaging prominent attorneys, was mapping out its plans; the prosecution was preparing to push its points to the limit. Gastonia, evidently, has been seeing red.

It may yet see red in a way it does not expect. Following the labor troubles in New Bedford, Massachusetts, an independent Labor party has won six seats in the city council. A similar development has occurred in Kenosha, Wisconsin. In Elizabethton the rayon workers recently nominated independent candidates, elected two commissioners, watched the City Manager leave town without troubling to resign, fired the police force, and now rule the roost. In all three communities, as the Socialist newspaper, the "New Leader," has joyfully pointed out, the influence of Socialists has been strong and "the inspiration of the Socialist movement has been acknowledged."

If Elizabethton had tried to strengthen Socialism, it hardly could have done so more effectively than by beating down the striking rayon workers. If Gastonia has set out to strengthen Communism, it hardly could do so more effectively than by charging these fifteen defendants with first-degree murder. Contrariwise, if the South is really hostile to the "radicalism" it bemoans, the best way to end it is to end the abuses which produce it.

Sea Changes

WITH THE HATS and the huzzahs of the fatherland filling the air, Germany, having launched the gigantic Bremen, has swung back into North Atlantic passenger lanes—and with an air about it. Left after the Versailles treaty with precisely one tender, hardly big enough

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to do errands for a full-sized passenger boat, the North German Lloyd now stands back, pointing pridefully to spacious decks, private baths, air-mail service, floating night clubs, rifle ranges, shopping alleys, as well as decorations by Bruno Paul, and bids rival steamship lines to try to better its gargantuan 46,000-ton twins, the Bremen and the Europa. The Bremen has completed her maiden voyage to New York; the Europa, having met with a mishap or two in starting life, will be officially launched later. These two, with the Columbus, which is being reconditioned to keep pace with them, will make the run between Bremen and New York during the coming season on a five-day, or perhaps better, schedule.

Things are bound to be interesting henceforth on the high seas. With the post-war downfall of the German merchant marine came the development of the American merchant marine, which, passing into private ownership, is dedicating itself to bigger and better voyaging. Does the North German Lloyd shade its eyes to gaze after its brand new monsters and, conscious that it now has 498 ships, see in their wake vistas of a new sea supremacy? The United States waves a deprecatory arm; from the sleeve drop plans for two new 56,000 tonners to be built next year, each costing $25,000,000, each "larger than any vessel now afloat or contemplated," each carrying 4,000 passengers to the Bremen's 2,200. On top tumble additional plans for a passenger and freight service "the peer of any now in operation." Great Britain has yet to make a similar gesture, but when and if it comes, probably it will be worth watching.

What will be most worth watching, in all three countries, will be the development of smaller cargo vessels. Big ships will do well enough for carrying millionaires, visiting royalty, and movie stars here and there to be interviewed, suntanned, and amused. They are the purple and fine linen, while the freighters are the backbone, of a merchant marine.

▸▸*Raising a Wet-Dry Wind*

If the issue of modification was hopefully put to sleep in the arms of the Hoover Law Enforcement Commission, it awoke with a yell when Chairman Wickersham suggested that, should prohibition enforcement be divided between the States and the Federal Government —the latter concerning itself with large-scale importers, manufacturers, and distributors, the former with the little fellows—the law might be modified to make it "reasonably enforceable." However perplexed over the meaning of this proposal, the State Governors, before whom it was read at their New London conference, saw its explosive potentialities. Urged to go on record regarding it, they dodged, adopted a sonorous resolution supporting the President, and returned to their boat-rides.

International

FOE OF METHODIST BOARD

Representative Tinkham, of Massachusetts, wants it prosecuted for failing to account for expenditures in 1928 campaign

Elsewhere the wind raised by the Wickersham proposal blew on. Harassed for rendering a decision before he had assembled the facts, Mr. Wickersham nervously declined to make his statement clear. It is therefore doubtful just what he is driving at. Is he working for less stringent dry laws or for the more effective enforcement of laws essentially similar? Some drys hail the statement as demanding that recalcitrant wet States help to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, an obligation not imposed on them by the Constitution, while others angrily declare that the hint of modification is the worst blow ever struck at prohibition. Similarly, such wets as Governor Ritchie of Maryland deplore the statement as encouraging further invasion of States' rights, while others see in it a gleam of hope that the inordinate rigors of the Volstead Act may be relaxed.

What is clear is that, if the Wickersham recommendation as it stands were incorporated in the report of the Commission, it would satisfy neither wets nor drys. The wets will be discontented with any modification that does not plainly liberalize the laws; the drys seem determined that the teeth in the laws shall either be retained as they are or be polished and sharpened. The issue, however, is academic. As at present constituted, Congress probably would not agree to any such rewriting of the sacrosanct Volstead Act as the Wickersham plan involves.

Significantly enough, Mr. Wickersham recognizes the "open disrespect" for the prohibition laws. So doing he stands with the cracker-dry Clarence True Wilson, who defies any one to claim that enforcement has been a success. Dr. Wilson proposes calling out the marines to shoot down violators. Mr. Wickersham apparently has another remedy in mind. Having said as much, when he should have said nothing, he ought to tell what his remedy is.

▸▸*Jinxed*

The three original Unluckiness Boys, Captain Ahrenberg, Lieutenant Floden, and their mechanic, Robert Ljungland, should find a radio hour awaiting them. The log of the good ship Sverige, schreibered by a jinx, reads like the prize hard luck story for 1929. The seaplane has broken in more parts than the lay person ever suspected a seaplane of having. The tale is the more ironic because the flight was intended to be, not sensational, but practical, demonstrating the feasibility of a commercial route. There is persistence enough in the region of the Midnight Sun, Captain Ahrenberg and his companions have proved. But are there no rabbits' feet, no horseshoes, no four-leaf-clovers?

June was just beginning when the Sverige put out to sea toward Reykjavik, Iceland, there to refuel. Two hundred miles east of the goal, it was forced to land because of lack of gasoline. Reaching Reykjavik, the fliers made

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three attempts to leave for Ivigtut, Greenland, the next stop. First, overloaded tanks. Second, a bent propeller. Third, a serious leak in the plumbing.

Next day a radiator leak developed. Heartened by messages from their Greenland hosts that beefsteak was broiling and a bottle of *eau de vie* waiting, the fliers bustled about their craft, making all repairs, humming the cheery refrain, "It Is Going to be Better." It wasn't. Bad weather set in. After waiting a week, they started again, with a full load and a new propeller driven at top speed by a reconditioned engine. They failed to rise. There was not enough wind.

Taking off next morning, they returned in plenty of time for lunch. A shaft connecting the propeller with the engine was bent. Reykjavik began to look like home; it was reported they intended buying flying grounds and settling there for experimental flights. They did settle, for two weeks, awaiting the arrival of a new engine from the Junkers motor works in Germany. When it came, they took off for Greenland, exactly a month after leaving Stockholm, and, battling hurricane, whirlwind, and fog, reached Ivigtut—almost. Within five minutes' flight of their destination, they landed and their plane capsized.

The Sverige hated to leave Greenland, too. A breakdown in the radio set, a dense fog, the loosening of the assembling ribbon on one wing of the plane—each drove her back. Perhaps the trouble was not with the plane but with the itinerary. It included such names as Kangordelugsnatsiak, Munarssuix Strait, Arsuk Fjord, Kungnait Bay, and Julianehaab. What engine would not stutter?

▸▸*The Sino-Russian Crisis*

Dreams of international peace threatened to twist quickly into an Oriental nightmare of snarling bears and fire-breathing dragons when Russia abruptly severed diplomatic relations with China over the seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria. If armed conflict has been averted, it may not be so much because of the elaborate safeguards against it as because the two nations were not well prepared to fight.

Kellogg treaty enthusiasts will eagerly contend that this war renouncing agreement—what a joker in the pact if its formal proclamation on July 24 had been drowned out by the roar of cannonading!—was responsible for the calmer tone that succeeded Russia's ultimatum and China's haughty response. But events probably were less determined by the polite reminders of Secretary of State Stimson and Foreign Minister Briand that both nations were signatories of the treaty than by the hard facts that China is still a disunited, almost bankrupt country, while Russia, engaged in costly domestic developments, can ill afford a war on remote frontiers possibly involving it in difficulties with other powers with which it is currying favor.

The intervention of Secretary Stimson none the less set a precedent which the world will expect the United States to follow in similar situations. Henceforth, it will be assumed, this country will act vigorously in support of its pet treaty, however embarrassing, even dangerous, such a course might be, however great the likelihood that we may be told to mind our own business.

The threat of war in the Orient also clearly revealed the flaw in the proposition of former-Ambassador Houghton for a popular referendum before a declaration of war. Moscow's parading workers, demanding bloodshed, shattered the illusion that the great mass of the people are always pacifist at heart, that wars invariably are made by Machiavellian politicians, not by the honest citizenry. Had a poll been taken in Russia, and the resultant mandate obeyed, Russia probably would have been knee-deep in China by this time.

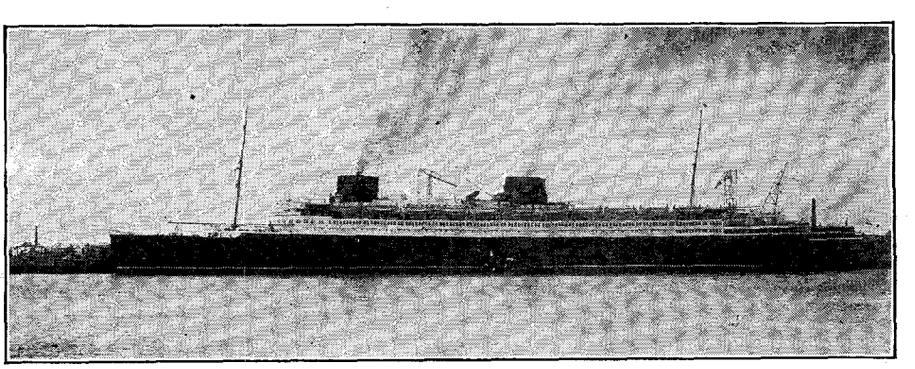
Similarly demonstrated was the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of determining which nation is the aggressor. As usual, the arguments on both sides seemed invincible. As usual, both sides could have fought in self-defense, as the Kellogg treaty permits. China might contend that its national life was menaced by Communist propaganda, Russia that its economic welfare was imperilled by its loss of direct rail contact with its only port on the Pacific.

In no better case is the Capper resolution, which proposes that when war is declared the President may determine the aggressor and put an embargo upon commerce with it. Could President Hoover, with all his knowledge of the Orient, have confidently decided which nation was guilty in this case, without months, perhaps years, of study?

▸▸*Saving the Farmer*

To the wheat growers' place on the Federal Farm Board President Hoover might well have appointed the weather man. On the day the Board first met, the price of wheat, which six weeks before had plunged below a dollar a bushel, approached $1.50. The next day it climbed still higher, and farmers in the fields, as well as speculators in the pit, looked forward excitedly to a price of $2. The Board scarcely deserves credit for increasing the wheat growers' wealth on paper by about $400,000,000. Only the lack of rain in Canada and in the Northwest, reducing the estimated crop by approximately 300,000,000 bushels, saved it from being confronted with the grave problem of a new wheat surplus.

The wheat problem has not been solved but perhaps aggravated by the sensational rise. The prospective shortage in this year's crop is almost exactly equal to the surplus of last year's, which lay in the elevators and granaries of the Middle West this Spring, and which, unwanted at the seaboard even with lower freight rates in force, contributed notably to price depression. The diminished production, therefore, will, apparently, be just about adjusted to needs, a condition which President Hoover advised the



GERMANY'S PRIDE
The Bremen, "pulsating symbol of Germany's comeback as a world economic factor"

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Board to bring about, but the improved price may tempt the farmer to increase his acreage next year. The Board may find the task of persuading him to limit his production of a profitable crop no less difficult than that of marketing it once it has been produced in overabundance, but, barring unfavorable weather, only in this way can ruinous prices be prevented.

Hoping that the farmer can be prevailed upon to save himself, the Board will seek to create a permanent agricultural cooperative system on the basis of associations now in existence. About two million of our six million farmers are members of co-operative associations. The organization of individualistic farmers into co-operatives, which have frequently failed, may be no easy task, although it may be simplified when the farmer learns that the Board will not lend money to individuals but to co-operatives alone.

The general public will hope, without much faith, that the Board succeeds in increasing the farmer's income without mulcting the consumer, but few will believe that it can achieve its purpose, declared by President Hoover, of giving agriculture "an equal opportunity in our economic system with other industry"

▸▸*Equity Goes to Law*

THE STRIFE BETWEEN the Actors' Equity Association and the motion picture industry grows warmer. Equity has brought a test case to learn whether its members may sign movie contracts without its consent. It sues Tully Marshall and Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc., his employers, for $1,000,000 damages and asks for an injunction to prevent him from working except under an Equity contract.

In this case Equity has much at stake. The talkies require stage stars just now, and, because the West is as golden as always, the talkies will have them. Since Equity members are not permitted to act in non-Equity casts, those who wish to traffic with ununionized talkies must, presumably, resign or be dropped from Equity and be forever barred from the stage, where Equity reigns supreme. Either stage or screen must reach an agreement, or else actors and actresses must choose definitely between them.

The public, more interested in the outcome of the case than in its merits, cries, "Compromise!" Talkie-goers are eager to see stage stars on the screen; theatre-goers will share these stars if they must, but relinquish them never, if they have anything to say about it.

The struggle brings to blows Broadway and Hollywood, rivals which have regarded each other for many years with narrowed eyes. Hollywood must see that Equity's disciplinary and protective functions have been of value both to employers and employees in the theatre. Nevertheless, it will not permit itself to be unionized without a struggle.

The test case may establish the extent of Equity's legal hold over its members.

Underwood

LUCKLESS

Captain Ahrenberg and Lieutenant Floden, who have encountered a sea of troubles on their flight from Stockholm to New York

After that, since compromise is of such practical importance to both sides, Equity and Hollywood will surely find some middle ground wherein to bury the hatchet.

▸▸*Right-Hand Man*

THEY NICKNAMED him "The Great Nordic Monsoon" when he blew into Washington in 1921 as correspondent for the Minneapolis "Tribune." Now known as "Gorgeous," George Akerson is easily the most decorative member of President Hoover's three-ring secretariat—Newton, Richie, and Akerson. He likes to dress, impress, to shine in society. At the moment he is trying to wangle the President into week-ending at some smart resort where his own attainments would sparkle more brilliantly than at secluded fishing pools in Virginia and Maryland wildernesses.

Scandinavian Secretary and Quaker President are polar opposites. Yet Mr. Hoover seems to derive great comfort, and perhaps some amusement, from Akerson's hearty self-assurance, his back-clapping expansiveness, his boyish bluster. Hoover is serious, Akerson showy. Hoover makes few promises, Akerson many. Hoover shakes few hands, Akerson everybody's. Hoover confers with statesmen; Akerson soft-soaps the politicians. With his pleasant smile, his mischievous blue eyes, his 200-pound frame, the Secretary puts punch and popularity into the White House routine.

An authority on politics in the Northwest, in several senatorial campaigns he employed his experience and journalistic talents for the benefit of Frank B. Kellogg. As a member of the Republican publicity staff in 1924, he is credited with devising much of the strategy that stopped La Follette in States once Progressive strongholds. His reward was the secretaryship of the Hoover-Kellogg commission charged with contributing Federal exhibits to Philadelphia's Sesqui-Centennial.

Though the Sesqui fizzled, there were compensations. Hoover was impressed by Akerson's dynamic personality, his loyalty, his common sense. George went on "the Chief's" private pay-roll at the Department of Commerce, and his social and political star has been ascending ever since. It is now at its zenith, judging from his beaming face as he motors about the Capitol in his secretarial Pierce-Arrow. Akerson was born to luxury; even when he owned a Chevrolet, he kept a chauffeur. His paternal uncle was a physician to the King of Denmark; his father grew up in the sunshine of the court—these facts may help to explain the grand manner of this native of Minneapolis.

Three universities polished him. He abandoned the University of Minnesota to engage in newspaper work after his freshman year. It was like him to hanker for Harvard as his "Who's Who" alma mater, but further preparatory study was necessary and he spent a year at Allegheny College, where he made expenses as organist in a Roman Catholic church. At Cambridge his musical ability won him entrée left and right. So it did at Wellesley, where he met Mrs. Akerson, who was Harriet Blake. And so it does in Washington.

In a high hat, he bears an uncanny resemblance to "the Chief" himself.

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During the Mississippi flood expedition his appearance on a train platform—he likes to bob out of a car at the head of a group of notables—often brought shouts of "Mister Hoovaire" from Louisiana Creoles. In response, George's face would break into a smile mixing one part deprecation with two parts delight.

Contempt of Court

CARING LITTLE for Common Pleas Judge Walther, and still less for his injunction to restrain a sheriff from interfering with gambling at a race track—"if the same be not in violation of the law"—the Cleveland "Press" recently expressed its opinion of both in clean-limbed English. Thereupon, Judge Walther cited the editor and the chief editorial writer for contempt of court, advancing the charges himself, hearing them, and inflicting the fines and jail sentences. The case therefore presents the question whether it is reasonable for one individual thus to act as both judge and accuser.

But there is a broader question involved. Conducting the defense, former-Secretary of War Newton D. Baker held that citizens may criticize a public officer till the cows come home, with the same responsibility as when they criticise any one else, unless their criticisms obstruct the course of justice in a pending case on which the court has still to operate. It is a clinching statement. Moreover, when there is any doubt as to the effect of the criticisms, it should be resolved in favor of the critic. To proceed on any other basis is to invade the traditional, and incalculably valuable, right of free speech.

It is hard to see how justice could have been obstructed by the editorial in question. Certainly Judge Walther hardly could have expected the sheriff to be much influenced by it, one way or the other. As a matter of fact, the newspaper's opinion of the injunction was not unique. The county prosecutor's office described it as "not worth the paper it was written on." Acting on this idea, the sheriff went through with his raid. On the following day the racers bundled over into the next county, and business boomed as usual.

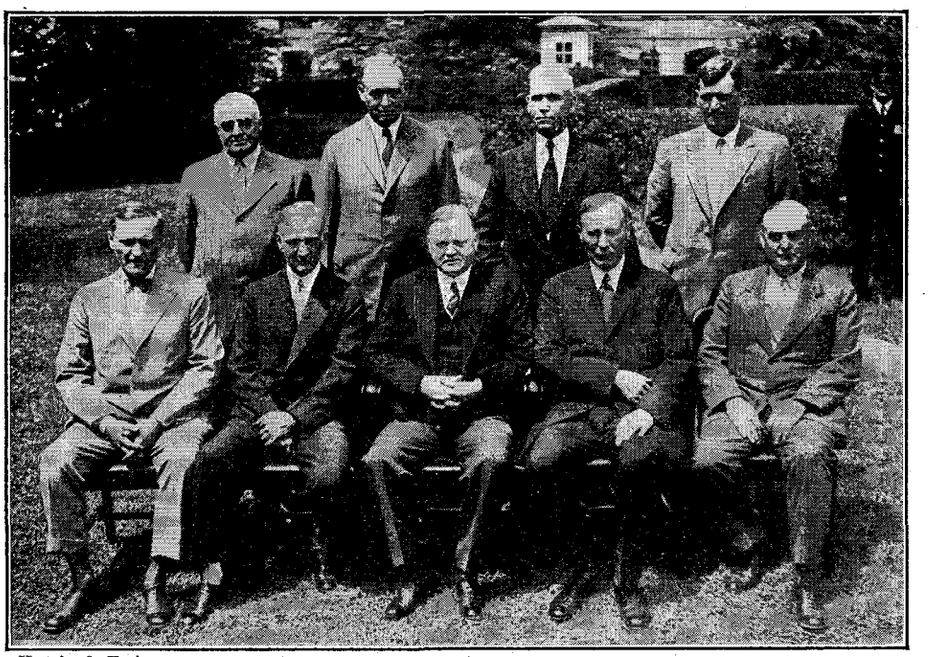
A court too eager to punish for contempt constitutes one of the greatest of all threats to the exercise of a fundamental and indispensable right. For the sake of the precedent and the principle involved, it is to be hoped that, when the case is appealed to a higher court, the editors of the Cleveland "Press" will be upheld.

New Use for House Flies

AT LAST A scientific use has been found for the house fly other than as food for pet turtles. An astronomer has used one or parts of one to measure the amount of heat energy received from the stars. Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, head of the Smithsonian Institution, has made an almost unbelievably sensitive measuring instrument out of two pieces of a fly's wing, each the size of this dash — and by concentrating on them the heat of a star received on the world's largest telescope at Mount Wilson he has determined what its spectra would be like if it were possible to photograph spectra of heat waves instead of visible light.

Every one has seen those mysterious little glass-enclosed vane-wheels spinning in the sunlight in an optician's window. The fly's wing radiometer of Dr. Abbot is similar to these in principle, though infinitely more sensitive. In both the molecules of air, warmed by the heat, dance more energetically and kick violently backward against the surfaces they encounter. The optician's radiometer reacts only to the powerful rays of the sun, but Dr. Abbot's fragment of fly's wing suspended from a three inch fiber of quartz, so minutely slender that it was twisted forty-four complete turns before the tiny wing even turned against the slight resistance of the air, was sensitive even to the light of the less conspicuous stars.

To permit the minute turning due to such distant sources of heat to be measured it was necessary to magnify it. Dr. Abbot accomplished this by making a slender beam of artificial light act as his pointer. He attached to the delicate web of quartz far smaller than a hair a mirror the size of a small printed letter o and directed this tiny beam against it. As the star's heat, concentrated by the big telescope, moved the fly's wing vanes the mirror moved too, and reflected its intangible pointer of light across a screen sixteen feet away. Yet so small were the movements of the fly's wing that, magnified even this much, the pointer shifted laterally by measurable distances smaller than the thickness of a sheet of paper. This one house fly lived—and died—for a purpose, anyway.



Harris & Ewing

FARM-BOARDERS

Members Stone, Hyde, Legge, and Teague are seated with the President. Members Schilling, Wilson, Williams, and Denman are standing

Bearding the Board

BIG GAME HUNTER and Back Bay liberal, Representative George Holden Tinkham has again attacked his favorite dragon—the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The merry, rotund Bostonian has demanded that the Attorney General prosecute it under the corrupt practices act. Tink-

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ham brands the Board as a "lobby," accuses it of political activity, and insists that it should be required to file returns of financial outlay like any political organization.

The Board indignantly denies that it is a "lobby" insofar as the charge connotes attempts to influence legislation by sinister means. It maintains that it is engaged chiefly in "educational work." It does not support or oppose candidates, it asserts, contending itself with setting forth the records of men on prohibition and related subjects. It pleads guilty to sending petitioners to commissions and Congressional committees, but defends this as activity "protected by the Bill of Rights itself."

The Board may make out a good legal case for itself, but the ordinary man sees only the plain facts. Some of its shining ecclesiasts, of whom Bishop Cannon of Virginia was the most belligerent, led the fight against Alfred E. Smith in the South. Bishop Cannon did not confine his activity to the pulpits; he rolled in the dust of the arena. Methodist ministers, inspired by the Board, though they may not have needed it, went up and down the country in the recent campaign. The Board's "Clip Sheet," as well as other publications tossed into the breach, were definitely political. Its well-appointed headquarters fringing the Capitol grounds was a G. H. Q. of generalship.

A Southern Bishop gave thanks to God that Dr. Clarence True Wilson had obtained such a strategic place for watching over Congress. Senator Copeland has testified that he was approached by Deets Pickett, Dr. Wilson's assistant, with a request that he support prohibition legislation. Though a Methodist, Copeland warned his church, as represented by the Board, to "get out of politics."

Presidents, Cabinet members, and Congressmen cater to the Board's good opinion, along with that of the Anti-Saloon League and similar bodies. Representative Tinkham has centered attention on the ever-increasing activity and power of Methodist leaders in politics. Whatever the strength or weakness of his demand for prosecution, that was well worth doing.

▶▶A Bitter Pill

COMPLAINING to the last, the French Chamber of Deputies opened its mouth, shut its eyes, and, with a wriggle of distaste, put down the bitter pill of the $4,025,000,000 debt settlement with the United States which it had rejected for more than three years. Not because France suddenly experienced a change of heart, but because it reluctantly realized that ratification was essential to its national health, and because it was otherwise faced with the necessity of paying $400,000,000 for war supplies on August 1, was the medicine prescribed by Premier Poincaré downed at last.

The only sugar coating permitted was a reservation—not included in the resolution authorizing President Doumergue to ratify the Mellon-Berenger agreement — which intimates that France does not intend to pay every one of its sixty-odd annuities to the United States if Germany defaults in its reparations. Without legal effect, and therefore of no concern to the United States Senate, which has still to ratify the agreement, the reservation unquestionably reflects the attitude of the French people. If Germany should fail to meet her obligations, French sentiment will almost surely recall the reservation and demand that its spirit be recognized.

Ratification of the American debt settlement, together with the Caillaux-Churchill agreement covering France's debt to Great Britain, clears the ground for the formal adoption of the Young plan, putting European finance on a stable basis. The Mellon-Berenger settlement, with the French reservation, emphasizes the connection between reparations and war debts which the Young plan clearly recognizes. The European nations have agreed that any modification of the American debts will mean modification of their demands upon Germany. To the United States, therefore, the world must look for possible further steps to expedite the financial liquidation of the war.

If his successful leadership in the fight for ratification has not increased French devotion to Premier Poincaré, it can scarcely fail to increase French respect. Taking the unpopular side of a bitterly contentious issue, he has added to his stock of laurels. Poincaré-la Guerre, Poincaré-la Ruhr, Poincaré-les Francs, is he now Poincaré-la Ratification?

▶▶Remarkable Remarks

What men owe to the love and help of good women can never be told.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Women are going to save this country. The men have made a huge muddle of things.—LADY HEATH.

I will not pose to impress anyone.—JOAN LOWELL.

The Bible says nothing about money after death, but it might come in useful. Everybody here has his hand out, why not hereafter.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Would the fate of the Universe, or of the Democratic Party, darken your soul if some perfect arm were curving about your neck, or a chubby child were bouncing on your knee?—PROF. WILL DURANT.

Life isn't a petting party. — DOROTHY DIX.

If the teachings of the modernist preachers and University professors are followed much further by the American people, it will plunge our society into a moral pigsty.—REV. JOHN ROACH STRATON.

Sex is one of the most beautiful and sacred things in the world.—CANON WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE.

If the Church is not interested in politics it is wrong.—REV. DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

Abstinence leads people to all sorts of attendant excesses. Good Bishop Cannon might never have gone to the bucket shop if there had been some brightly-lighted, friendly place where invigorating drinks were sold on the installment plan.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

In Brief

"RAIDS California Convent," says a newspaper headline, and adds: "Dry Squad Finds No Still, Apologizes, and Pays for Door." Up until the time of this writing no dry raid had been conducted on the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Washington Monument, or the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine . . . . Former-Representative Langley of Kentucky, imprisoned a few years ago for violation of the Volstead Act, defends himself in a book called, "They Tried to Crucify Me: or the Smoke Screen of the Cumberlands." Whatever the merit of the contents, we have an idea that the title tells more about Mr. Langley than the book does . . . . Methodist Episcopal Bishop Richardson of Philadelphia is quoted as saying that 8 per cent of the newspapers are all right on prohibition but that the wet 92 per cent are "absolutely rotten." To Bishop Richardson, evidently, those newspapers are absolutely rotten which

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happen to disagree with Bishop Richardson . . . . If the tariff bill should pass as it stands, says Senator Copeland, it would not only "take all the joy out of life," but would "carry the average family to the verge of bankruptcy." What odds will the Senator give on a bet that if the bill passes as it stands the average family will never even hear of it? . . . .

Back Stage in Washington

PRESIDENT HOOVER, we suspect, long ago discovered what a legacy of liabilities his predecessor piled up in setting a record for "economy." We are told there is a tone of resentful protest in Mr. Hoover's voice these days as he recounts the unusual expenditures incurred by the Honorable Calvin Coolidge after that worthy discovered that the G.O.P. would not clamor for him to violate the two-term tradition. Mr. Coolidge's disregard for his successor's possible financial plight had a touch of mediaeval regality as he signed numerous money-spending measures in the last months of his reign. Though we do not blame Mr. Hoover for his dejection at the prospect of deficits and tax-reductionless days, we like to think of Mr. Coolidge's orgy of extravagance on the eve of his departure from Washington as another of those practical jokes which gave him so much fun while he was among, but not of, us. Nor do we think Mr. Hoover has much cause to feel aggrieved. We suggest that he temper his thoughts with the recollection that the slogan of "Coolidge economy" helped him to win the presidency. If it now proves to have been little more than a campaign slogan, it seems to us he ought to bear the burden with a philosophic grin.

We sympathize with the President, however, for the really serious effect Mr. Coolidge's deficits may have upon the new Administration. We discern evidence that the good cheer and complacent mood of the Coolidgean era of prosperity have vanished. Business and industrial interests are more critical of Mr. Hoover than they were of Mr. Coolidge. Certain influential figures who mingle business and politics descend upon the Capital more frequently than they did during the Coolidge régime, intent upon getting "inside dope" on the goings-on around the White House, the State Department, the Treasury and the Department of Justice. Their first question is "What do you think of Hoover?" and they suggest in their vague references to the numerous noble and practical experiments he has sponsored that they could tell a lot if they cared to.

Even more significant, they sigh for the days of tax reductions, for an Administration that took a passive, almost submissive, attitude toward business and industry, for a New England conservative who never crossed a political thoroughfare unless his accustomed sidewalk was closed for repairs. They see no sense in this to-do over prohibition or in presidential preoccupation with the ills of agriculture, the oil industry and the southern G.O.P. With the passing of each month since March 4 Calvin Coolidge's negative virtues, if not his stature, assume more heroic proportions in their mind. In our opinion, six years of Mr. Coolidge spoiled and unfitted us for an Administration headed by an engineer; just so did the horse-drawn villagers of the late '90's find it difficult to accept the automobile. We would not be surprised if Mr. Hoover sensed that this was another legacy which the inactive and inspirationless Mr. Coolidge had left on the White House doorstep. The President has calmed down perceptibly since those first, furious days in March when each press conference and Cabinet meeting concluded with a new and knotty problem envisaged by our Chief Executive and handed to somebody else to solve.

Westerman in Ohio State Journal

Relieving Farmer of Farm Relief

We find more specific symptoms of restlessness in the press, which has quite abandoned the worshipful attitude it held toward Mr. Coolidge. We have been amazed at the critical tone of good Republican editorial writers, and great conservative Democratic journals have thus early shown unusual severity in their treatment of the Administration's schemes and theories. We had feared that Mr. Hoover would become a more mythical figure than his predecessor, but that peril seems to have passed. In fact, we find trace of an irreverence and skepticism that was not felt for Coolidge except by observing Washington correspondents, and they, we understand, found their editors cold to articles reflecting the close-range view that the Vermonter was only a mediocre opportunist. Noting this so soon, we shudder for Mr. Hoover if he tries to carry out his plan to place the post office on the paying basis. That may conceivably mean an increase in the rates for second-class mail—to be specific, for newspapers—and past experience has shown that such a move usually leaves a President with few journalistic defenders before the bar of public opinion.

We were shocked recently to read a story in the Baltimore "Sun" to the effect that the crew of the Mayflower, the presidential yacht decommissioned by Mr. Hoover amid applause for this stroke of economy, had been set to work building a summer shack for the President. The article also implied that the government was paying for material as well as labor, which the White House too promptly denied. Though we considered the story unwise and unfair, we thought it silly of George Akerson to give it added publicity by noticing it. Mr. Hoover, we know, is over-scrupulous about such things.

We cite this mischievous story merely to show the growing tendency on the part of the press to depedestal the presidency.

A. F. C.

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Modern Pioneering

An Editorial by Isaiah Bowman

ONE of the first engineers to visit the western border of the rich copper country of the Belgian Congo is said to have required for his transport and sustenance 5,000 native carriers organized as a sort of flying wedge. Evidently his business was more important than that of the man who wrings a living from the earth. A rich copper deposit could support a one-man enterprise if the man was an expert engineer. A white inhabitant trying to get his produce out by native carriers would be bankrupt even if he specialized in silk culture. That means that there is an effective economic limit to which a farmer and even a miner can transport a commodity. How far that is depends on the cheapness of labor and the value of the product. And time changes these values. Mines are now largely tied to railroads in Peru and Bolivia. Until 1892 the silver and tin of far-famed Potosi were transported by pack-train and mule-cart to the Pacific seaboard over 500 miles away at incredible cost. Perhaps the record is held by Serrania de Guadalupe in southern Bolivia from which in 1884 metals were sent by pack-train to Rosario distant 1375 miles. What a contrast our present world affords! The freight analysis of the Kansas City Southern in 1909 showed most of its traffic originating within five miles of the railway on either side. Ten miles is the effective economic distance to which crops can be hauled in western Australia; fifteen miles seems the limit in parts of Rhodesia, and twenty-five miles the maximum. Wool and cheese and honey in other continents extend this distance. But even wool seems incapable of extending it more than 100 to 150 miles. Beyond that is an "Economic No-Man's Land," as one railway expert has described it.

Geography and economics have a rather nice part to play in these enterprises on the rim of civilization. Here we find man and nature rather evenly balanced in the struggle for existence, with nature not infrequently winning the fight. When standards of living were lower economics had less to do with life on the frontier. Nowadays the standard of living has risen even among the Eskimo sealers, or the Montagnis Indian fur hunters, or the Antarctic whale catchers. The economic limits of a frontier enterprise are now sharply drawn. That throws a new light upon geographic conditions on the frontier. We now need to know rather precisely the conditions of soil and rainfall and labor and even the availability of road-making materials in a region of potential settlement.

The effect has been to place the pioneer lands of the world on a higher plane of scientific study. It is not enough to locate a promising territory where the white man can make a living by agriculture or ranching. He asks questions about it that the old-fashioned pioneer never dreamed of. He is not content to face the wilderness with a sack of flour, an ax, and a pair of strong hands. He demands that his enterprises shall pay from the start. He wants to be tied to a railway or a motor road and, if possible, a telephone. Accepted standards of living impel him to ask what government will do for him if he breaks new ground in the pioneer zone. Formerly he asked only that government should leave him alone. But pioneering in our time is so unlike that of the romantic era of western expansion that our ideas of it have to be entirely revised. Some are even asking if the spirit of adventure has not died out.

In our first paper (Outlook, July 17) we spoke of the instruments of power by which man (through science) is extending the limits of his physical universe. The pioneer is distinguished from the farmer in settled communities by the scarcity of the instruments of power that he may command. To compare an ox-team of the earlier pioneer with a motor car of the modern farmer is like comparing a row boat with a liner. The living to be obtained from the one represents a world totally unlike that of the other. When the earlier pioneer left for the wilderness he left an animal-transport community; he now leaves a motor-car community. To ask him to pioneer without motor or rail transport is to ask him to go back to the living not of 1900 but 1700 relatively. The conclusion of the matter is that the remaining pioneer lands of the world—and they are still of enormous extent—must be developed on a wide front by organized groups with government aid. Not direct subsidy alone is required, but an indirect subsidy represented by the application of science to the study of frontier regions.

How is this to be done? It is a question that is deeply troubling many governments, local and national: Australia, Canada, Rhodesia, Siberia, and the republics of South America. Bolivia is making a special study of its agrarian problem. Russia is attempting a regional reorganization of its administrative units so as to put territory economically related under one head. The opening of new land is related to immigration policies in Canada. Australia struggles incessantly—latterly through a scientific commission—with the development of its pioneer fringe. The Social Science Research Council of the United States has initiated a study of Canadian-United States pioneer conditions based on geography, economics, and social science. So even the outer marches of the occupied lands feel the spell of science in the present age. Man asks science to foretell or forecast his probable future under given pioneer conditions, thus putting science to its final test. The pioneer lands are in process of occupation not by aimless swarms of colonists but by men for whom science has blazed a trail of knowledge more certain than the marks on the long trail of our forefathers in the romantic age of settlement.

Where Is Mankind Going?

The distinguished contributors to this editorial page constitute a list of witnesses to the progress of existence. Dr. Bowman has made himself known to readers of this page in previous issues. In the number of two weeks ago he discussed the relation of geography to our practical every day affairs; in this issue he considers the difference between the demands and the expectations of the pioneer, today and a hundred years ago. His book, "The New World" was a distinguished contribution to the modern viewpoint, that geography is a science which, in the interests of what used to be called progress, must not be neglected. As director of the American Geographical Society he has done much to further this view. The next contributor to this page will be James Boyd, author of "Drums" and "Marching On"

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William Fox: A Portrait

By ALLENE TALMEY

He started making "quickies," the Holywood term for cheap, shoddy, quickly-produced films. Now his organization, the Fox Film Corporation, stands at the peak with Paramount. And William Fox, to whom "ambition is an incurable rabies," still fights on. Miss Talmey, who has written this intimate portrait, is the author of "Doug and Mary and Others," one of the few intelligent books about the fantastic personalities of the motion picture world

THE GANGLIA of the motion picture industry are twitching. For months now they have been poked with the long thin stick of nervous excitement. Sound pictures and mergers; they constitute the handle of the stick, the cause of thrills, depressions, rumors, and headaches. During the past two years "Variety" has printed dozens of merger headlines, dozens of paragraphs on the revolution of the business by sound.

Just as drastically as the little Balkan wars changed so continuously the contours of the Greek peninsula, so drastically have sound pictures and mergers changed the map of the movies in twenty-four months. In 1926 seven corporations were in power, slipping out silent films as though they were tea leaves. Dividing the peak of popularity, purse-proud, were Paramount and Loew's; both producers and theatre owners. Lower down in the scale were Universal, Warner Brothers, First National and United Artists. Down at the bottom was a rich, unpopular, sprawling, uncouth corporation, last of the big seven, Fox Films.

By the end of 1926, however, this sprawling company began a disorderly conquering, the first point of big time invasion being the purchase of the Roxy Theatre. Since then its predatory tongue has lapped up the entire West Coast chain of 250 theatres. With a loud lipsmacking, the seven Ascher houses of Chicago went, followed by the Saxe Circuit of fifty theatres in Wisconsin and Iowa, and then rounding the national circle, the twenty Poli houses of New England changed their name to Fox.

During this time much had happened in the industry. Warner Brothers had bought First National. The tremendous amalgamation which resulted in the Radio-Keith-Orpheum was consummated, and the motion picture business was given over to one vast surmising, to rumors of one further massive combine.

It happened. One day last winter the city editors of New York sent reporters to the office of William Fox by request. There, as the newspaper men grouped themselves grumpily, a flat-faced man with a long crooked nose told them the story of his career, of his struggle upwards, of his dreams and achievements; related all this most surprisingly in the fat phrases of press agentry. He wrapped himself up in glory and fiction, only to be interrupted by the restless reporters who desired merger news, not the often-printed legend of his life. When they emerged they had columns of Fox dreams—and such skinny facts as he wanted known.

They learned that the Fox Film Corporation had bought the great, respected, powerful Loew's Corporation. By the move Fox stood at the peak with Paramount. He now owned 800 theatres, owned them as other men own neckties. Further statistics, gathered as late as June, 1929, reveal that William Fox has about 11,000 persons on his weekly payroll. Ten thousand theatres a week buy his products. He owns Movietone City with its $10,000,000 studio, its eight stages. Out of the 2709 houses in the United States equipped with sound apparatus, 1,500 of them subscribe to the Fox Movietone News. At the moment he is admittedly the leader, the most important figure in the industry. He shapes the mental movie notions of millions of fans.

Undoubtedly the fact that he is the moulder of the opinions of so large a group does not please him so much as the fact that he is now shouldering Adolph Zukor. For long he has secretly itched to displace the icicle tactician of Famous-Players-Lasky, Adolph Zukor, whose skill at money matters made him the genius of the industry. Zukor is the illustration of the multiplication table, the quiet orderly amalgamator whose versatile appetite swallowed all with the unostentation of a cat sucking up spilled milk. Fox is different. He gobbles noisily, like a hungry dog.

The whole Fox organization gobbles noisily. It is an organization that adores the thrill, the danger of big business. It races the engine even while standing still. To go to the Fox Corporation Building on Tenth Avenue means to see a maze of workers pounding, hammering along in a building that is like an old warehouse with its corridors and stairways laid out by a lunatic. Within that asylum speed thousands, apparently propelled by jumps, while further downtown at Forty-Fifth Street and Broadway stands the home of another movie company. There in stately opulence stands the Paramount Building, a place of marbled order, of bronze inlay, of elaborate private offices for executives so pampered that they even have glass-enclosed showers attached to their rooms. It is a place of false peace.

Uptown, however, the Tenth Avenue Building of Fox heaves along, its executives in shirtsleeves, its officials in rat-hole offices, and the whole of its scrambled existence, noisy, brimming with energy, a roughneck business run by a brilliant, noisy, excited, energetic roughneck, William Fox.

It is his blustering acumen at predatory business which has lauded him as the unglamorous leader of a glamorous industry. In a dark period of the industry this man who started life in the pale of the tiny Hungarian town of Tulchva, was doing rather sharp deeds. Now in the bright glare of an industry pockmarked with bankers, with stock dividends and with tips on amusement stocks by customer's men, William Fox is doing bright and valiant deeds. He has proved that one man can dominate the largest singly controlled motion picture corporation by the simple process of locking the majority of the stock in his safe box. No one else is consulted where Fox Films is concerned. While others go into conference, he acts, a phenomenon which was amply illustrated when the West Coast chain of theatres was being sold to First National. At a meeting on a Friday night, it was decided by the First National men to hold over the final decision until Monday morning in order to further discuss the project among themselves. Saturday morning William Fox questioned himself, and bought the chain. All is settled under his hair.

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Allied with none, fighting all, buying in, ousting out, his crippled arm swinging at his side, his cold dark eyes watching down his curving nose, Fox stands alone. During those scorned years of struggle when the rest of the movie men kissed the box office while they piously talked of art, he said nothing. He just kissed. Without attempting to appeal to the small intelligent group which might patronize worthy films, the policy of Fox was cheap product for many small exhibitors. He wanted the dimes from servant girls, shop girls, housewives who received their pleasurable cartharsis from gazing at the sinuous switching of Theda Bara's hips. He aimed at the corset salesmen, the garage mechanics, the street car conductors, the clerks, giving them plenty of two gun men dancing with harlots in border-town saloons, giving them cattle rustlers, cowboys, mounted police, Tom Mix, William Farnum and Buck Jones.

He made quickies for those audiences, cashing in on the chips paid out by the bigger companies. When Famous-Players-Lasky announced that "at great expense" they would produce Carmen, and when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer advertised their stupendous adventure in filming Romeo and Juliet, Fox hastily threw together in ten days or so a Carmen with Theda Bara in a shawl with a rose between her lips. It was hardly his fault if buyers forgot to beware, but believed that the Bara Carmen and the sloppy Juliet were the widely advertised product of Adolph Zukor and of Marcus Loew. In those wild days Fox films were made on a nickel and sold like sausages on a string. Westerns and vamps, they carried him along successfully in spite of the critics who side-stepped his pictures.

As a money-maker, by this time, he was important, but as a maker of movies he was terrible. It was out of that mud of sex and quickies that the great Fox Film Corporation evolved by force. The way was long and hard. By the time that Bara and Farnum were through, however, he had found another audience bait. Salacity was cast out. Homely virtues were installed, for now the devil a saint would be, and the Fox films began a new policy with "Over the Hill," finding that gold lay in the pot of the rainbow of movie motherhood.

All this time William Fox failed to dazzle the fans. There were no fantastic stars on his payroll, driving to the studio in lemon yellow Rolls-Royces. Players were average, with average salaries. Not much talent and not much pay, but plenty of film and plenty of sales. On this foundation he worked, shooting up a structure that was unlike in color or pattern the sturdy effects of Paramount and Loew's, the latter of which he now owns and the former of which he hopes to supersede. They concentrated on fabulous salaries, famous stars, names, with money thrown out as though it was dirty water. Great extravagant pictures with a glory of

Underwood

WILLIAM FOX

wealth that only made more woe-begone the pinched pictures of William Fox whose bank account throve thriftily. The splendor of the others dwarfed him, the largest purveyor of cheap movies, into a squatty figure of neither beauty nor romance.

To invest him even with dignity, it took more, however, than the merger with Loew's. It took the Fox Movietone News Reel. Through it he brings to audiences something more than sixty-second kisses, flesh, legs and cloth of gold. No one producer can influence the minds of the millions of fans more than another. Movie men are sheep in production. One underworld film, one war romance, one musical comedy, one back stage story will be carboned by them all. Only the Fox Movietone News Reel is unique, massaging into brighter notions the audiences of the country.

The clerks, the servant girls, the factory workers, the little shop keepers, all the bulk of the hundred and ten millions in the nation have forced down their throats the sight and sound of the brilliant men of this age. Tabloid readers do not see on their front pages the new Labor Cabinet of Britain. They do not see Bernard Shaw, Conan Doyle, Thomas Edison, Mussolini and Lloyd George. They do see and hear them on the News Reel of Fox. They have brought to them the stocky violence of the Italian dictator lecturing the homely school girls of Rome in the Coliseum. They have the Welsh accent of Lloyd George relating the discovery of his shepherd dog. They have the clipped, sharp words of Ishbel MacDonald, of her thin, square-faced father, the British premier. Royalty performs for them in the shape of small King Michael of Rumania, who rolled a lawn mower over the palace grounds for the cameramen of Fox.

The fact that this is so noble an undertaking, so much more impressive and important than all the former speeches of the other movie men in their holy search for Art, is of little moment to William Fox. He does not care. With a distinct feeling of *laissez-faire,* he evinces a prominent disinterest in any particular theory, in any dissemination of specific knowledge. There is no propaganda in the Fox Movietone News Reel, for its owner has no sacred cow, no missions. It matters not at all to him whether the nation is vegetarian, wet or dry, physical-culture-conscious or fearful of the yellow peril. He has nothing to sell it, unlike those other three American missionaries, William Childs, Bernarr Macfadden and William Randolph Hearst. A complete realist, he does not mind what the public thinks or does as long as it patronizes Fox films and Fox theatres. He will let it eat dirt or snow.

Because of the Movietone News, that fare is now snow. It is a lengthy but fascinating tale of how that snow arrived. The middle point of the story has its center that May day in 1927 when the first Movietone news reel camera man recorded the teetering take-off of an unknown boy who turned out to be Charles Lindbergh on his way to Paris. So minor was the Movietone reel then that even two months later Paramount undertook the expense of starting a news reel of its own, actually a silent news reel, outdated by previous developments.

That is only one instance of the strategic vision of this man. Sound pictures had been forecast for years, but when they were on the brink of arriving

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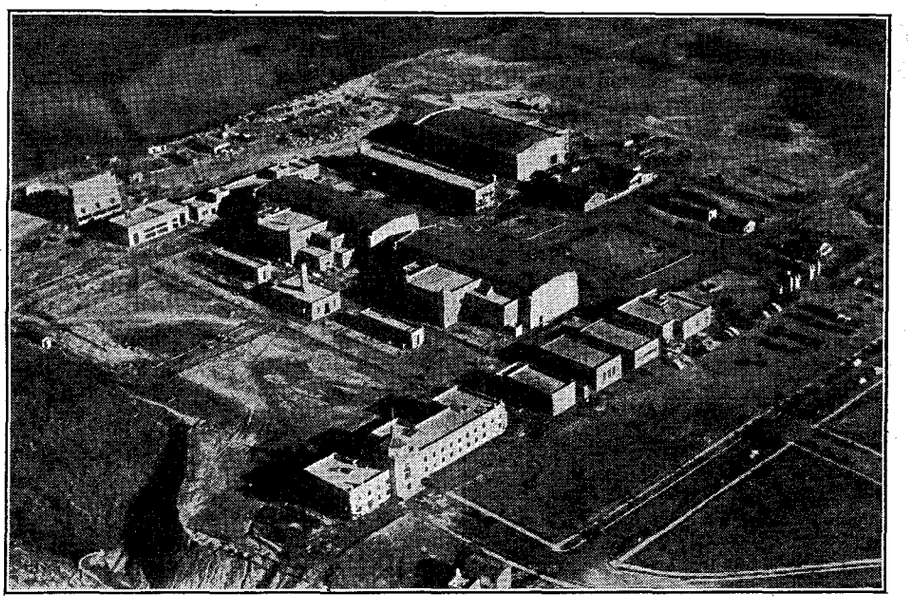

Fox Movietone Studios at Movietone City, California

two distinct methods appeared almost simultaneously. One was Vitaphone, a recording with wax discs, and the other Movietone, a system of implanting the sound on a tract of fluctuating light bands alongside the pictures on the film.

In the simple history of Movietone, the inventors were Theodore Case and Earl Sponable, who brought the results of their experimentation to Fox at a demonstration at the Nemo Theatre. Fox took an option, this occurring according to the accounts of his men at least six months after Vitaphone. Even after the Movietone apparatus was ready, much had to be done before sound was marketable, the chief necessity being the disposal of all the silent films.

Unfortunately for the set plans of Fox, Vitaphone, which had been peddled from producer to producer, was finally accepted by the Warners, a brotherly band who were practically broke when they snatched at sound for the fabulous recouping of their fortune. The situation was vastly different with the Fox Film Corporation; it owned numerous unwired theatres, a large Hollywood studio, and had many players under contract who might not be fitted for dialogue movies. Fox had to scrap all; Warners, nothing.

The speed of the brothers, however, speeded him, and by a magnificent orgy of selling the silent films were absorbed with the exception of five, and Fox entered the alley leading to the fertile pasturage of sound films. The accepted press agent phrase for such an undertaking is "financial courage plus vision." Whether it was really that or else the result of the Warners' frenzied spurt, there is no doubt but that it brought much to the country's audiences; including the knowledge that now the American people are aware through the Fox Movietone News Reel that the King of Spain has expert real estate salesmanship, a charming smile and rather bad dental work.

It has always been difficult for anyone to write intimately about William Fox, so sly, so secretive a man is he even to his own family and high employees. Deep within him rides a phobia. He cannot bear to be interviewed, to have his picture in the papers. Whether this is fear or shrewdness has never been determined. Where other press agents spend their hours plotting the insertion of the photographs of the boss into magazines, his keep the Fox face out of the rotogravures. In the past few years he has seen the reporters only five times, and on those occasions he stolidly repeated the tale of his rise to exceptionally bored newspaper men. When they interrupted him, he left the room furiously, slamming the door. For some inner reason it is his preference that if his picture must be used, that one be printed showing him with a sharp black mustache. Fifteen years ago he sat for that portrait, and practically immediately afterwards shaved off the mustache.

If questioned about their president, the heads of the departments deny that he has any eccentricities. Casually they will mention, however, that he is always by himself, that he has only once in five years inspected his Hollywood holdings, that he has never seen the new $10,000,000 sound-proof stages there, that he has never seen some of his million-dollar theatres, and finally that he only hastily roved his one good eye for a half hour over the $10,000,000 theatre of his in St. Louis.

These executives find nothing queer in his relentless lust for power. Now that he is on the top, he still leaps high to clutch the mirage of billions alone. Where others, having reached their particular crest, have been diverted into pleasure, William Fox has not. He is in as great a torment as when he first bought his little Brooklyn theatre. Ambition is an incurable rabies with him, never allowing him to relax, to slow down. So tightly does he twist his nerves that twice a year a sanatorium receives him as a patient.

Life contains nothing but work for this man who is still building, carrying the bricks himself. While he struggles on, one thorn draws blood. He has no son, he who has the dynastic urge encystized in his soul. In the end he will die to have his great organization bought by another, just as he bought the great Loew organization after the death of Marcus Loew. He knows that the work of the boy who was once Fuchs, will die with the obituary of William Fox.

There will be gone then those amazing scenes in his office, those scenes which had only two actors, Fox and either Winfield Sheehan or James Grainger. Anyone suddenly opening the door would have seen two hot men, one of them baldish with a beard so black that it had to be shaved twice daily, shouting at a yelling red necked, thick faced Irishman. It might have been either Grainger or Sheehan, the former general sales manager, the latter vice-president and general manager. Fox prefers a good fighting Irishman for his company, which specializes in executives who pound the table. It is an organization with a temper, copied from its head, who not long ago knocked a department officer through a door.

Now that William Fox has his millions he is the same wild cat in business and social life, but not in politics. There his shrewdness is uppermost, quietly suppressing—as far as publication is concerned—his political views. To his employees and friends, he has hidden any knowledge that he has noticed the difference between the

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"War Is Hell"—Even Ten Years After

By T. R. YBARRA

BERLIN.

THE craze about it began months ago, it is still going strong and it bids fair to continue at its present pitch for months to come. My first inkling of this was one day early this year when the elevator man at my hotel here asked me:

"Have you read it?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, you must," said he, as he opened the door to let me out.

Next it was my favorite waiter at my favorite Berlin restaurant. As he brought what I had ordered, he asked:

"Have you read it?"

"No," I replied.

Evidently my answer made me fall low in his estimation.

"Well, you must," he said. "And now what will you have to follow the soup?"

I went to a tea and the hostess asked me: "Have you read it?" I attended a performance at a theatre and, between the acts, an acquaintance asked me: "Have you read it?" So insistent were the inquiries, so apologetic did I become that, when about to enter a Berlin taxicab, I felt like saying: "No, I have not read it, but please drive me, nevertheless, to the Anhalt Railroad Station."

Finally, in self-defense, I read it.

I mean the book "Im Westen Nichts Neues" (All's Quiet on the Western Front) by Erich Maria Remarque, which, published just after the New Year, remains the great literary sensation of Germany and, indeed, of all Europe. Already, of course, it is out in English, both in England and America, and many Americans have read and judged it. But none who have not been on this side of the ocean during the last few months can have any idea of the astounding impression made by this little volume by an ex-German soldier about the World War. To the best of my knowledge, nothing written about the War while it was still being fought or since the armistice, in any one of the countries that were engaged in it or in any neutral land, has done to readers what this book has done.

It appeared without any advance heralding; the publishers, in fact, seem not to have realized in the slightest what they were bringing out. Yet, within three weeks, 150,000 had been sold in Germany alone! Up to date the sale there is far beyond half a million and sales all over the world must be close to a million copies. When one bears in mind that a sale in Germany of 100,000 copies is phenomenal for a book one can form some idea of the magnitude of the success attained by Herr Remarque, a young and hitherto unknown writer.

For something resembling it one has to go back to Barbusse's "Le Feu," but that had the disadvantage of having been written while the things it described were still happening and, hence, too near author and reader for correct perspective. Herr Remarque waited ten long years—ten years during which he shuddered every day at the memory of what he had been through—ten years during which the War grew for him into a veritable nightmare of horror and disillusion—before he took up his pen to tell his experiences.

The most striking thing about the book is its entire lack of partisanship. That its author is a German is simply an accident. The book might have been done by a Russian, Frenchman, Englishman or Italian.

IT IS the plain tale of the man in the trenches. It tells the experiences of men who knew nothing about strategic movements, victory or defeat, who—even if they thought they knew at the start what it was all about—had lost that knowledge in the mire and blood and horror of the front. "The front is a cage," writes Herr Remarque. And one of the most poignant bits in the whole book is when its hero, a boy, one of millions of boys, having escaped from "the cage" for a short leave at home, realizes that the world behind the front is as unreal to him as the front itself, that the people not in the fighting lines speak a tongue and think thoughts utterly alien to him—that the war, in short, has given him nothing and taken from him everything. A boy, unversed in life, eager for life, he finds himself suddenly bereft of the enjoyment of life as drastically as if cut down by the hand of death. So at home, he simply sits behind a mug of beer and listens drearily, nodding now and then in acquiescence, so as not to be drawn into the conversation. What is all this chatter about impending "big drives" and captures of long lines of enemy trenches? All he knows is that the front is a place where one always craves only two things—food and sleep—and never gets enough of either; where comrades die in bloody agonies.

There is scarcely any mention of the "enemy." The narrator and his friends simply talk of the chaps "across the way"—men, just like themselves, bewildered, covered with lice, eager to eat, drink, sleep and forget.

When the Americans pour into the trenches "across the way" and drive the Germans steadily back, the teller of the tale feels no bitterness. He and his hungry comrades simply notch their belts tighter and go down again into the hell of their cage. Looking out over the top of his trench at the steadily oncoming American regiments, one weary German exclaims: "Too much corned beef there—too much wheat bread!"

NOT PRAISE alone is being showered on Herr Remarque's book—not by any means! It is also arousing a furious storm of protest; by many it is branded as unadulterated pacifism, hopelessly one-sided, presenting war in a thoroughly unjust manner by leaving out of the description of it all that is fine and ennobling. But the praise greatly outweighs the censure. The book has been hailed by war-weary Europe as the best of all war stories. "Your book," wrote a schoolmaster, a war veteran, to the author, "has been my release from the front. For ten years I have waited for release. Thank you!"

Meanwhile the author, who hates publicity, is having a very embarrassing time. Some of his compatriots pursue him with execration, others with almost equally unwelcome pæans of praise. His past has been combed for incidents inspiring approval or disapproval.

There is little fuel for either, to be sure. Remarque's life has been a very ordinary one. Pitchforked as a schoolboy into the war, he is now, at thirty-odd, a young journalist and, at the same time, a disillusioned old man. His book about the War, the sensation of the day, is his first serious work. All that has gone before is largely the casual, variegated sort of thing which falls to the pen of journalists in all lands.

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Mr. Loree and the Railroads

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

SCHOOLED in the Harriman tradition, Leonor Fresnel Loree, head of the Delaware & Hudson Company, is reaching for the power to be won from the organization of a great system. For a few brief months, twenty-five years ago, Mr. Loree knew that power as the chief of the country's largest railway. Experience then and in later years dissuaded him from the orthodox belief that merger meant economies and that size connoted strength. It was the Transportation Act of 1920, with its provisions for the consolidation of railways, that swept him into the truly remarkable fight he has waged during the past seven years.

As chairman of the board of the Kansas City Southern and president of the D. and H., he chose a good offensive as the best defense. Rather than have these properties in the Southwest and the East absorbed by their neighbors or left in a disadvantageous independence, he set out to build systems around them. He has faced adversaries and suffered official rebuffs that would have discouraged any but the hardiest soul. Temporarily at least, his plans for the Southwest are laid aside. In the East, a year after a most profitable retirement, he has bobbed up again with a plan so daring in its conception that few believe he expects seriously to accomplish it.

MR. LOREE'S engineering record is distinguished. Statistics delight him, as well as guide him in his plans. He is a keen student of economics, philosophy and religion; actively interested in his Alma Mater; and prominent in public service in his own field and in the New York State Chamber of Commerce, of which he is president. An implacable foe of labor unionism, he prefers the rôle of benevolent despot. Dependent upon public and Interstate Commerce Commission approval, yet he has the courage—some call it poor judgment—to denounce Government regulation, tread upon the toes of the commission, and speak openly and colorfully on his favorite theories.

He has not come unscathed through all the troubles attending his efforts in consolidation. Forcing him under Clayton Act proceedings to resign from the Missouri-Kansas-Texas board and to dissipate the interlocking stock control between this road, the Kansas City Southern, and the St. Louis Southwestern, the I. C. C. pointed without comment to profits he made in Katy stock at about the time Kansas City Southern was buying control, and dissenting commissioners in the order approving the disposition of shares of this company and St. Louis Southwestern attacked at some length the sincerity of the step.

In the East, too, he lost some standing as an individualist when last year he sold out the virtual control of Lehigh Valley and Wabash to the Pennsylvania, at a time when it appeared he had a strong wedge to break up plans for a four-party plan consisting of Pennsylvania, New York Central, Chesapeake & Ohio and Baltimore & Ohio.

The sympathy between Pennsylvania and D. and H. was natural for two reasons: the Pennsylvania was not in harmony with the proposals of its three big merger competitors; and it was the Pennsylvania that launched Mr. Loree on his career. In the deal last year, in the midst of five-party conferences to settle the Eastern problem, the Pennsylvania got the key roads it wanted for merger or trading, and the D. and H. received a handsome reward of $20,000,000, or nearly 50 per cent on the investment.

Back in May, 1923, Mr. Loree appeared before the I. C. C. to protest against artificial stimulation of mergers and declare his intention of protecting his own road's position.

"There is no real ground for believing," he maintained, "that the economies which seem vaguely to be imagined will be realized. There is no evidence that large properties have been in the past, or will be in the future, more cheaply, efficiently, or satisfactorily operated than small properties.

"The union of a road strong financially with a weak road is not certain, as seems to be assumed, to produce a strong combination. A mixture of good eggs and bad eggs always produces a bad omelette." This same view is held now by many executives, including some, for example, of the New York Central.

If, said Mr. Loree, consolidation must come about, a useful, efficient and self-sustaining system could be formed with the D. and H. West Shore, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, Lehigh Valley, Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, Reading (one-fourth interest) and Jersey Central (one-fourth interest). This was based upon his opinion that none of the Atlantic seaboard lines should extend beyond established trunk line territory termini. If the extension were decided upon, he would add the Bessemer and Lake Erie, Wheeling and Lake Erie, Pittsburgh and West Virginia, Western Maryland, Wabash, and Grand Trunk.

As for New England, he recommended that all lines but the New Haven be jointly owned by New York Central and D. and H. or that all but New Haven and Boston and Albany be linked with his company.

According to reports of this veteran's latest merger dream, he is returning to his first principle, that seaboard lines should not reach into the Middle West. The modified grouping would include the D. and H., all New England lines, Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, Reading, Jersey Central, Lackawanna, Virginian, West Maryland, Pittsburgh and West Virginia, and Wheeling and Lake Erie. Inclusion of the Wheeling is a protective exception of the principle.

In addition, he is reviving talk of the New York, Pittsburgh & Chicago, a proposed direct route across the Alleghanies, a project which he first investigated for Harriman in 1907 and which is being supported now by the Harriman heirs.

Eastern affairs at present are in such a hopeless muddle, with so many conflicting schemes filed or pending, that fantastic ideas have lost some of their power to startle the world. The latest Loree plan would cut into so many party affiliations—all but the Pennsylvania's—that there are few wagers on its success. Wall Street is only betting that the D. and H. will profit by it, in some way.

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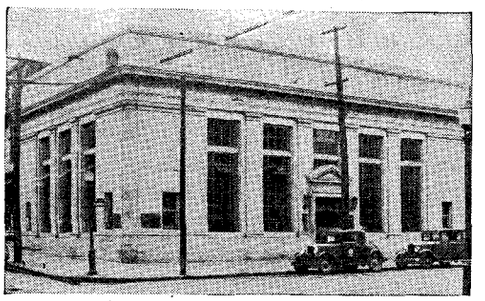
"Already, this school teacher has $20,000 invested in good, solid securities"

AL K. THOMAS, President, East End Trust Co., Harrisburg, Pa. formerly Treasurer of the Pennsylvania State Bankers' Association, and Secretary of the Harrisburg Clearing House is well known for the warm personal interest he has taken in helping hundreds of men and women on the road to financial independence.



The modern bank building of the East End Trust Co., of Harrisburg, Pa., of which Mr. Thomas is president.

Al K. Thomas, President of the East End Trust Co., Harrisburg, Pa., tells how a young woman came to him for advice ten years ago—and how she used his counsel.

"IT must have been about ten years ago that Miss L..... first came to me for help," said Mr. Thomas. "She was a school-teacher, and she wanted to have enough laid by against the time when she was ready to quit work.

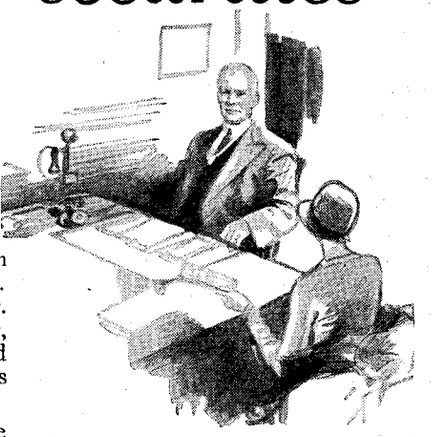
"We talked about how much she could afford to set aside systematically, how she was to invest her money. I worked out for her a definite plan of investing, always based on good, sound securities—she isn't the sort of woman who wants to speculate and risk her principal.

"Miss L..... has been investing steadily for these last ten years, and already by persistent saving and reinvesting, she has $20,000 in good sound securities, all of which I have recommended to her. She says she won't buy anything unless I approve of it. She is still busy saving. When she is ready to quit teaching, she can.

"Miss L..... is one of many young women, most of them school teachers, who come to me regularly for investing advice, and who have worked out with my help, a systematic plan of investing. Of course, while I can help them by seeing that they invest their money wisely and safely, their own thrift is what counts. But these young women are willing to make the effort and stick to a systematic plan of safe investing."

* * * *

Prominent bankers in hundreds of communities are giving depositors in their banks the benefit of their well-rounded knowledge of safe securities. Like Mr. Thomas, they feel a very deep responsibility toward



"I worked out for her a definite plan of investing, based on good, sound securities."

the men and women whom they advise on investments. That is why they recommend, above everything else, safety as a first principle of investing.

Good yield, of course, they regard as important, yet always only after safety of principal has been properly judged. Indeed, the average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his own banker, or a high grade investment banker, for advice.

In hundreds of communities, bankers have chosen from Straus offerings for recommendation to their depositors and for purchase for their own bank reserves. Among Straus offerings are bonds of widely diversified types, real estate mortgage, railway, municipal, public utility, and foreign bonds.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

A Biographer on Biography

Aspects of Biography by ANDRE MAUROIS: D. Appleton Co. $2.

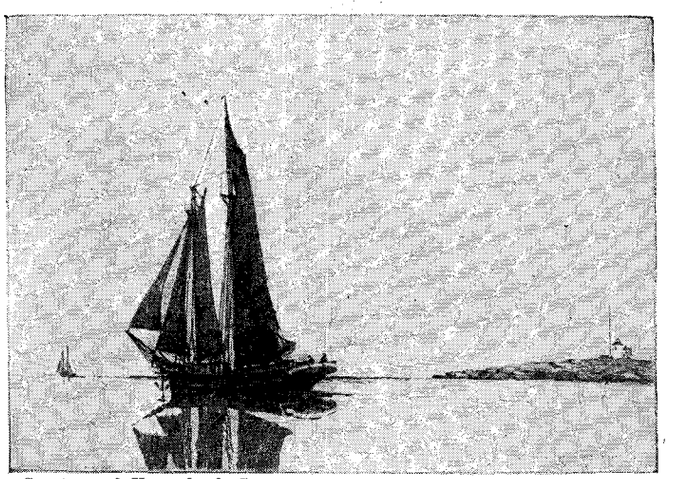
AMONG the many readers whose demand for biography and more biography has caused our book-tables to groan under the weight of volumes both good and bad, there must be a considerable number whose interest in what they read goes beyond what is written to how it is written and why. To them, Maurois's book will be a thing of great pleasure and profit. Put it beside Harold Nicholson's "Development of English Biography," published last winter by Harcourt, Brace and already discussed in these columns, and these readers will have just what they need to enhance the interest of their favorite subject. Maurois, though a Frenchman, read the chapters which form "Aspects of Biography" in the form of lectures at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the same course for which Forster's "Aspects of Fiction" was prepared last year.

Maurois's first chapter, on "Modern Biography," is a lesson in critical appreciation. Readers and reviewers who cannot distinguish between the work of Strachey, Nicholson, Bradford, Maurois himself, and that of their imitators (and it seems that many cannot) will learn a great deal from M. Maurois. "A bad Victorian biography," he says, "is a formless mass of ill-digested matter; a bad modern biography is a book of spurious fame animated by a would-be ironic spirit which is merely cruel and shallow." . . . "Some of these books make one regret the old Life and Letters in two volumes which, after all, was a very useful piece of research, and sometimes the reader is very naturally wearied by that 'insolent manner of pulling dead lions by the beard.'" The method used by Strachey and others is too often "applied by writers lacking in human sympathy and psychological insight" when "its effects are simply those of low comedy." And Maurois puts his finger right on the salient quality of good modern biography in saying that "it would seem that the writers of our own day possess in a greater degree than their predecessors a sense of the complexity and mobility of human beings and in a lesser degree a sense of their unity."

That the modern biographer, nevertheless, seeks a poetic unity in the lives of his subjects is made apparent by M. Maurois's chapter on "Biography as a Work of Art." The discovery of *leitmotifs* in his subject's life, the insistence upon the preservation of one angle of narration—the subject's own, and the consideration of every life as a "story" are part of the biographer-artist's work. In further chapters Maurois disposes of the fallacious notion of biography as a science, since the scientific truth about a human being can never be known; and discusses Biography as a means of expression. This chapter is the only one in the book likely to arouse any opposition. Maurois leans toward a Bergsonian sort of theory that art must be moving and personal, and his belief that the biographer may choose his subject from motives which we may describe as Freudian wish-fulfillments is a dangerous and all too tempting idea to put into the heads of young writers. We have too many lives of Napoleon already.

The final chapters on "Autobiography" and on "Biography and the Novel" are full of wisdom, and the final paragraph, a biographer's confession of faith, is memorable. M. Maurois says that "a well-written life is rarer than a well-spent one." We incline to think that a well-written book about biography is even rarer than a well-written biography. Much as we admire Maurois's biographies, we admire even more his "Aspects of Biography." It sets up standards of criticism and appreciation which were badly needed by a world of readers and writers. Maurois's deservedly lofty reputation will be enhanced by this fine book.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.



Courtesy of Kennedy & Company

COMING OUT OF MARBLEHEAD

Etching by George C. Wales

The Week's Reading

The Virtue of This Jest by JAMES STUART MONTGOMERY: Greenberg.

HERE is a neat imitation of an Eighteenth Century picaresque romance. Nick Swayne is a typical rogue-hero, a clever fellow living by his wits in the Alsatia of London, a great lad with the girls and a little Villon of a poet. After the usual preliminaries of a rogue's conception, birth and youth, Nick falls in with Archie Gordon of Glenbucket, in England on the business of the "king over the water," and finds himself a Jacobite. His career as a loyalist is not long. He and Gordon and the rest of the London conspirators are captured, and Nick shows that honor is a quality of scamps as well as of Scotsmen by refusing to turn King's evidence against his friends. But he cheats the headsman, anyway, by a pretty and pretty old trick. It is all very deft and very slight. Mr. Montgomery has not breathed new life into the moribund romance of roguery. He has only refurbished its battered costume. Perhaps picaresque romance cannot be written now. We and our crooks are such solemn minded creatures that the modern version—"Strange Fugitive," for instance—is sordid tragedy. "The Virtue of This Jest" is in style a free copy of many masterpieces, in detail, a tricky compilation from coeval journals

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and Canting dictionaries, and in plot as stale as last week's angel-cake. Mr. Montgomery is a light-fingered fellow. We suspect that he is also light-hearted, and that the virtue of his particular jest will be the profound critical bow with which some one is sure to salute his tale.

Night Club by KATHARINE BRUSH: Minton Balch.

THE ONLY reliable test of worth in a short story is durability. Novels may have some fine quality and yet not be re-readable. One thinks at once of Sinclair Lewis's books, most of which have real value as social documents and none of which can be read more than once. But unless a short story can be enjoyed repeatedly at discreet intervals it is no good except as a filler for the non-advertising columns of a magazine and the authors' pocket-book. Consider the classic short-stories. Consider, for two modern examples, the stories of Kipling and O. Henry. You can read at least once a year about the monk who masqueraded as the angel Gabriel, about the apparition of Mrs. Veal, about the minister who wore the black veil, about the necklace that was paste; or about Ba Ba Black Sheep and the Caballero's Way; and you can take to the reading pristine eagerness and from it pristine satisfaction. Then consider the short stories of Katharine Brush as presented in this volume. You will find them a current adaptation of O. Henry—but with the fizz gone out of it. You will find their melodrama trite instead of timeless, their picturesqueness tawdry instead of gusty. If you despair of the morality of the present, you will find much in the stories to cheer you: virtue rewarded, noblesse obliging, sin finding out the sinner, blood telling. From the much praised "Night Club," you will learn that we do not recognize drama unless it is played against a back-drop; from "A Gaudy Lady," that mother love makes all sacrifice worth-while; from "Eye Opener," that hell is paved with good intentions. But having read these stories once, will you ever care to read them again? We think not. They cannot live because they have no life in them. Like the generation in which Miss Brush delights, her stories conceal a lack of blood and bone under a show of costume and cosmetic, a lack of originality under an anonymity of standardization. There is as little nourishment in them as in a *papier maché* roast of beef.

Some Recent Books

Received too late for detailed review

FOR A sober looking book, dealing with an array of solemn subjects such as poor laws, the reform bill and so forth, the *Letters of Peter Plymley and Selected Writings, Sermons and Speeches* by Sydney Smith (Dutton) is remarkably lively reading. But, of course—for Sydney Smith, to modern readers, is the famous wit quoted so frequently by English writers from Lamb on. He was a preacher of trenchant humor and great force. He knew the value of vituperation and his speeches and sermons put our modern wise-cracking pamphleteers to shame. We can think, off hand, of no more stimulating vacation reading for a preacher, a journalist or a congressman than these papers by Sydney Smith.

A useful if formidable book is *Modern Scientific Knowledge* (Ronald Press), an extensive compilation and arrangement of information by Professor Cleveland of Boston University and a number of distinguished collaborators. The material is valuable and each chapter is accompanied by a questionnaire for reading references, and a good bibliography.

Life and Work of the People of England. 2 Vols. *The Fourteenth Century* and *The Seventeenth Century.* By DOROTHY HARTLEY AND MARGARET M. ELLIOT: Putnam.

The Goodman of Paris. Translated by EILEEN POWER: Harcourt, Brace.

AFTER TEN YEARS of intimate association with new books, we are convinced that the teacher of history who cannot make his subject interesting to children is a dullard indeed. We have seen more books valuable for this purpose than of any other type, except fiction—and, in that connection, historical novels must not be despised. We have spoken of Harcourt, Brace's English Life in English Letters Series. There is also a series, Life and Work of the People of England, published in this country by Putnam, which will suit students too young to care for the long texts of the other, because it is, practically, a series of picture books. In the two volumes before us, there are at least three hundred pictures, taken from the sources of the period, of people engaged in every sort of occupation and amusement. These are tied together by intelligent, simple introductions, and supplemented by notes and charts. The teacher of medieval history who passed this volume on the Fourteenth Century around among his pupils, while reading aloud to them from "The Goodman of Paris," would not find the class's attention wandering. "The Goodman of Paris" is a spirited translation of a day-book and treatise on moral and domestic economy written for the edification of his young wife by a Fourteenth Century burgess. His views are not out of date, and they give a picture of medieval society in intimate detail.

A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales by Jonathan Nield (Macmillan) is a book which could be used to great advantage by history teachers. It has been brought down to

(Please Turn to Page 551)

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

Visitors to Hugo, by Alice Rosman: Minton Balch. A gay summer story with an ingenious plot and pleasant characters. Reviewed July 3rd.

The Black Camel, by Earl Derr Biggers: Bobbs Merrill. Charlie Chan solves another terrifying mystery.

A Wild Bird, by Maud Diver: Houghton, Mifflin. This story of a wild bird of a girl who was tamed by life and love is commonplace in style and content.

The Romantic Prince, by Rafael Sabatini: Houghton, Mifflin. Burgundy under Charles the Bold is the setting for a picturesque and exciting romance. Reviewed June 19th.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Salt Water Taffy, by Corey Ford: Putnam. A funny if over-long parody of the "Cradle of the Deep."

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8th.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Men and Machines, by Stuart Chase: Macmillan. These sound and brilliant observations on the machine age will interest you and make you think. Reviewed June 5th.

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Continuity of Common Experience and the Higher Learning

THE TEACHER of philosophy in Molière's comedy found five different ways for the admirer of the fair marquise to declare that her beautiful eyes inspired such passion as to be the death of him; but of them all the best way had been hit upon directly by the simple-minded gentleman who had been making prose forty years without knowing it, and without even appreciating the distinction between a consonant and a vowel.

John Dewey, philosopher, in his Paul Carus lectures on "Experience and Nature" (Norton; revised edition 1929), tells us that the simple and understandable task of philosophy is to liberate and clarify meanings, including of course the meaning of the new facts which science has authenticated. Philosophy is inherently criticism; but "criticism is not a matter of formal treatises, published articles, or taking up important matters for consideration in a serious way. It occurs whenever a moment is devoted to looking to see what sort of value is present." Philosophy, like literature, "is a comment on nature and life in the interest of a more intense and just appreciation of the meanings present in experience. . . . Its business is to accept and to utilize for a purpose the best available knowledge of its own time and place, and this purpose is criticism of beliefs, institutions, customs, policies, with respect to their bearing upon good." By "good" Dewey does not mean "*the* good," but simply those particular goods, "whether labelled beauty, or truth, or righteousness, which steady, vitalize, and expand judgments in creation of new goods and conservation of old goods." The better is merely that "which will do more in the way of security, liberation, and fecundity for other likings and values."

Comes now also a psychologist, Donald A. Laird, in "Psychology and Profits" (Forbes), to assure us that "there is no mystery or hokum about psychology." Dewey had hinted the contrary (page 428), though his deprecatory word is not "hokum" but "mythological;" and he is perhaps not thinking of "type psychology," "differential psychology," "individual psychology," "variational psychology," the psychology which Laird describes as "simple common sense which has been tested and certified as workable."

The author of "Psychology and Profits" is a Doctor of Science and of Philosophy and director of a collegiate psychological laboratory. Aside from these earmarks of academic regularity, he betrays his métier by insisting that the reader must thoughtfully consider the use of each section of the book in his own experience before proceeding to the next sub-title. Readers of this column may recall Bruno Lasker's similar warning, to which we loyally called attention, not to sample the dessert before doing justice to the spinach of the earlier chapters. In the case of this book of Dewey's there might be a temptation of this kind, for his tenth and final chapter, the only one from which we have quoted, is easier to read than the other nine, and it certainly has more quotable generalizations. Yet it is only by a close reading of the entire substantial volume that one may fully grasp his real thesis—the continuity of human experience in its higher and more intelligent phases with the general course of nature.

Dr. Laird's amusing and thought-provoking scrapbook, on the other hand, might be read with almost equal profit in almost any order, as it has been said of Emerson's essays that paragraphs and even sentences can be transposed without obvious loss of logical order. What conceivable difference does it make whether profits from less fatigue, from personal development, or from the right job, are studied first? And why should it be in connection with profits from the right job that we learn that "college men are better at arithmetical reasoning than college women?"

But Dr. Laird is no pedantic pedagogue. He is also a consulting psychologist; and he evidently keeps in touch with enterprises conducted for profit. His pages are sprinkled with the names, not of writers of textbooks, but of men like Henry Ford, George Eastman, Firestone, Scripps, Edison, and John G. Capstaff, this last an Englishman known to Edison and Eastman, if not heretofore to all of us, for his colored motion pictures. If his book is not a closely knit, systematic presentation in which every chapter logically follows from what has gone before, it is none the less entertaining. In one place, after some ten pages of detached epigrams, the author suddenly admits that he has been presenting "fragments" from recent psychological research, and draws from them the sensible conclusion that the most unstandardized thing on earth is human nature. Incidentally he reveals that out of this and similar discoveries he is getting a lot of "just plain enjoyment." Neither luck nor hard work counts for as much in job-success as native ability, inborn capacity, intelligence—which another psychologist, Lightner Witmer, has defined as the ability to guess right.

From all of which it appears that successful executives, and for that matter people who make any sort of success in life, may be practical psychologists without knowing it, just as Molière's *bourgeois gentilhomme* spoke prose without knowing it, and as Dewey's philosopher, when he arrives, is found to be only the successor of one who has long been accustomed "to act, to enjoy and suffer in consequence of action, to reflect, to discriminate and make differences in what had been but gross and homogeneous good and evil, according to what inquiry reveals of causes and effects; to act upon what has been learned, thereby to plunge into new and unconsidered predicaments, to test and revise what has been learned, to engage in new goods and evils." All this is merely human experience, manifesting the course of nature. What philosophy does, conceived as criticism, is to "afford understanding of the necessity and nature of the office of intelligence." What psychology does, conceived as the genesis of profits, is to reveal such information as that the slow worker is not the accurate worker; that the person with a good memory almost always has also good reasoning powers; that there are probably not two people in the world with exactly the same mental make-up; that college professors do not have as much intelligence as most people think they have; that genius is not a close relative of insanity; and that almost any one can make an average success in any occupation.

But if philosophy and psychology are thus doing consciously and deliberately and intelligently what people have always had to do more or less without realizing it, surely psychiatry, ranking with other respectable medical specializations, and furnishing social work with its newest frills, is something different, scarcely a blood relative of common experience and common sense, of psychology and philosophy. Here at least laymen would better assume that they may expect mystery, if not "hokum."

A diligent reading of such a book as "Psychiatry in Industry," by V. V. Anderson, M. D., director of medical research at R. H. Macy's big department store, (Harper) will convince any open-minded person of the contrary.

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What is the psychiatric viewpoint as described by Dr. Anderson? Nothing else than the one which "stresses all the factors in a given case, the physical, mental, and social issues." What else than this does the *bourgeois gentilhomme,* the philosopher, the plain ordinary man of common sense want? "This viewpoint," we are told, "considers the field of success or failure, at work, as a broad and complex one—just as broad and complex as is human nature itself." Exactly. What psychiatry is up to then is a refinement, a subtly intelligent analysis of "the whole situation," whenever decisions have to be made, a course of conduct to be decided upon and followed.

The continuity of the higher learning with the experiences and interests of men and women everywhere would seem to be demonstrated. The democratic ideal of education would seem to be vindicated.

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 549)

date, and includes books published as late as 1928. The indices of titles, authors and subjects are invaluable, and the blank pages at the end of the volumes will permit lovers of historical fiction to repair the few omissions from Mr. Nield's remarkably enormous bibliographical list.

Historical novelists of tomorrow will need *How We Lived Then, 1914-1918* by Mrs. C. S. Peel (Dodd, Mead). This is a copiously illustrated account of the social and domestic life in England during the World War and includes everything from the arrangements made for the care of Belgian refugees to such minor matters as recipes for war cake.

The Effect of the War Upon Commerce and Industry in Japan by Yamasaki Ogawa, and *The Co-operative Movement in Russia During the War* by Kayden Antsiferov are new volumes in the Economic and Social History of the World War, published by the Yale University Press for the Carnegie Peace Endowment.

The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate. By N. OGNYOV: Payson & Clarke. $2.50.

THOSE READERS who discovered so much to recommend in "The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy" will find the second installment of Kostya Riabtsov's reflections on proletarian Russia to be decidedly inferior.

The Kostya whose strong faith in the greatness of the Revolution made him an ideal Communist in his earlier diary, begins, in this one, to match his crepuscular idealogies with the sterner critique of the world's practical reason. As a result he loses faith in the author of "Das Kapital." He asks himself what sort of individualism is possible among 12,000 university students dividing their energies between hunting down a bed to sleep in and scavenging for food to fill their empty stomachs.

There is very little in this book that is either startling or new. The handbook on undergraduate life in the United States of Soviet Russia is still to be written.

Masters of the Symphony by Percy Goetschius (Ditson) is an authoritative handbook for music students and for music lovers who crave clearer understanding and keener appreciation of the symphony. It gives a careful study of the genesis and evolution of the symphonic form, analyses of many symphonies, and a list of works in this form.

Mainly Horses is an anthology of animal stories edited by the indefatigable Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson Scott (Appleton). Thirty authors, mostly contemporary, are represented, and among the stories it is pleasant to find Cunninghame Graham's "Los Seguidores," one of the best of all horse stories and not too well known.

The sea-lover's library is always looked after in summer. *Sea Wolves of the Mediterranean* by E. Hamilton Curry and *Perils of the Sea* by J. G. Lockhart (both Appleton) are uninspired but readable. The first is an account of the wild and picturesque sea-warfare carried on by Mohammedan corsairs during the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, and the second a tale of shipwreck and escape beginning with the White Ship and ending with the Titanic.

Forthcoming Books

World Politics in Modern Civilization. By HARRY ELMER BARNES: Knopf. Aug. 2.

Farewell to Paradise. By FRANK THIESS: Knopf. Aug. 2.

The Galaxy. By SUSAN ERTZ: Appleton. Aug. 2.

They Stooped to Folly. By ELLEN GLASGOW: Doubleday, Doran. Aug. 2.

Courts of the Morning. By JOHN BUCHAN: Houghton. Aug. 2.

God Beguiled. By GEORGE O'NEIL: Horace Liveright. Aug. 2.

The Fiddler. By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN: Horace Liveright. Aug. 2.

At Last. By SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN: Horace Liveright. Aug. 2.

American Colony. By CHARLES BRACKETT: Horace Liveright. Aug. 2.

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Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Robert W. Chambers's The Happy Parrot Appleton

Those who remember "The King in Yellow" and "Cardigan" and "Lorraine" will shake their heads sadly over this book as they have been shaking them over each new book of Mr. Chambers's for the past two decades. We have been among the headshakers ourself, yet in this last story we seem to discern a merit which is not at all the merit of those early stories, but is nevertheless sufficient to have kept us closely interested until we had reached the last page. It interested us in the same way that dime novels interested us in our youth. There is no reality, no literary grace—but there is lots of swift and violent action. And after all, that's what we want in a pirate story. For this is the history of Eric Strake, who being out of a job in New York one day in 1810 or thereabouts, talked to a girl at the Battery who took him home, fed him, and got him into a fight with her shipowning uncle which resulted in his taking command of the uncle's ship, *The Happy Parrot*, on a slave-running cruise. Of course the girl goes along, and there are pirates and slavers and men-of-war on every hand, so that the firing of broadsides and the rattle of small arms is practically continuous. A pleasant sound to listen to when it's in good readable print.

Hulbert Footner's The Doctor Who Held Hands Crime Club

Madame Storey, the lovely lady bloodhound, gets on the trail of Dr. Touchon, soul doctor, charlatan and blackmailer, who has been making havoc among and money out of New York society ladies. The ensuing events should afford you excitement and satisfaction, since the characters are well worked out, the plot is carefully constructed, and the writing is above the average. There's a trick O. Henry ending which will make you jump.

Anthony Wynne's The Fourth Finger Lippincott

There are two kinds of thrillers. One has a small crime and a lot of motive, and the other is vice versa. Personally we like the vice versa kind best. If there's plenty of blood and shooting and screams at midnight and fiends in human shape, we don't much care about the validity of the mental processes back of them. We like sin for its own sake. A complete and plausible explanation of why Father O'Brien stole Aunt Mary's thimble isn't half as interesting to us as the story of how Father O'Brien, for no reason at all, killed Aunt Mary with a tack hammer, and then strangled Uncle Lester with his own suspenders, cut off his head, and stuck it up on the weathervane on the barn. Which is probably the reason why we liked this tale, in which Dr. Hailey finds out who killed first Lady Gilmour and then several of her friends, for we have seldom known so much blood spilt in 300 pages. The detectives are constantly tripping over pools of it. And if you're sufficiently bloodthirsty, you'll like it too.

Burnham Carter's Mortal Men Boni

Allan Levering was the last of a long line of pleasure seekers. "The blood that ran in his veins was the blood of sensualists and swordsmen, spendthrifts and topers." So after all, what could you expect? The book takes us through his childhood, his boyhood, and young manhood. Always decorative, always so taken up with the consciousness of the difference between him and other men that he never finds time to do much of anything else. Things go wrong for him, as they do for most of us, and he sits around in a sort of mellow purplish gloom and does nothing about it. Another example of the inevitable frustration to which the pursuit of beauty leads. We have a feeling, though, that he'd have done better if he hadn't been quite so much a gentleman.

Dashiell Hammett's The Dain Curse Knopf

We want to say right here that Mr. Hammett is our favorite detective story writer. He thrills, scares, amuses and delights us, all at once—and at the same time makes us respect his knowledge of the ways of criminals and detectives, which has quite obviously not been gained by reading the detective stories of other writers. His detective is neither an artificial pseudo-sophisticate nor a combination of encyclopedia and adding machine. He is simply a hard-boiled human with a better-than-the-average brain and a good deal of presence of mind, who succeeds as most of us do—if we do—by the method of trial and error. We admire him more because we understand him, and his solution of the curse which seemed to hang over pretty Gabrielle Leggett, and the means by which he hunted down the murderer of her father, her husband, and several other people connected with her, is both ingenious and exciting. We can think of only one story of the kind better than this second book of Mr. Hammett's, and that is his first book.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

ONE of the scenes in "Hot Chocolates"—the all-colored revue at the Hudson Theatre—depicts a gathering of dusky gentlemen of Harlem discussing the best way to decide in advance precisely how a prize fight should turn out to the best advantage of all present; including the referee, the fighters, the backers and the "big smokes" assembled.

After much discussion, the most pugnacious of those concerned rises and, deploring the fact that he can't discuss the matter any longer (he's got to go!) forces a settlement of the argument.

"Why, what's the hurry?" demand his friends as he walks to the door with hurried strides.

"I'm on the Grand Jury," he says, "and we're going to indict a man what fixed a horse race. Can you imagine a man who'd fix a horse race?" Many of the sketches are good in this half conventional, half original entertainment—which has already been welcomed as the best negro show since "Blackbirds," and which bids fair to outlast the summer. It is genuinely an all-coon show, so we are assured. If so, one drop of African blood certainly makes all darkies kin under the skin. For only two or three of the feminine contingent of the company bear any resemblance to the West Coast of Africa, or even to Ole Virginny. One has bright red hair—and practically all are white of skin and fair of complexion, with occasionally a touch of the Barbados negro. Just one has the figure of the jungle—and it is unmistakable; the tom-tom sounds whenever she appears. The rest could make any beauty chorus on Broadway and not work very hard at it, either. It is only in the men of the chorus that the color line is distinctly apparent.

Curiously enough, nevertheless, it is these chorus men, plus the leads, male and female, who really give the show its own distinctive flavor.

DON'T GATHER hastily from this that "Hot Chocolates" is in any sense merely a kind of crazy, Harlem take-off of the current style of Broadway revue. On the contrary, it is genuinely a Broadway revue in its own right, done with skill, taste, variety and much artistic finesse. It had its origin up in Harlem at Connie's Inn, a well known tourist resort. But in its present form at the Hudson, it is even too much of a Broadway revue for its own good.

There is in it no attempt to trade on any virtue or lack of it in the negro race, considered as entertainers. Nor does it contain any disposition to overplay the traditional bid which the negro makes for laughter and applause. It is a straight show.

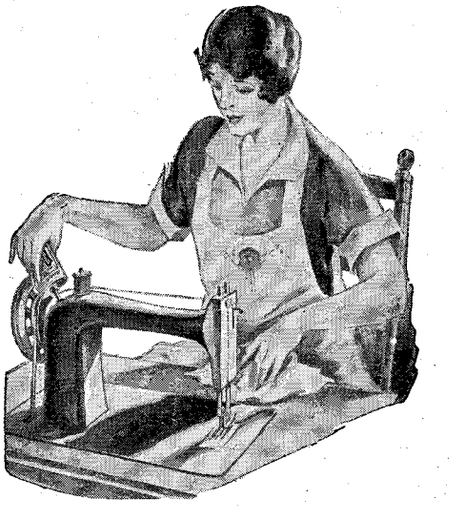
Considered on this basis, it is better than the recent, unlamented "Grand Street Follies," better than a "Night in Venice," "Broadway Nights," "Pleasure Bound," or any of the tinsel glittering, cloak and suit trade musical shows along the Great White Way. It doesn't need their splurge in the shape of gorgeous scenes and costumes, because it has talent and is entertaining; and would be so on a bare stage.

In point of fact, it starts with a bare stage, apparently Connie's Inn itself, before the doorman has put on his coat and the evening crowd has begun to arrive. But this soon proves to be merely an introduction to many colorful scenes, much excellent dancing and some entertaining tableaux in the true, high-hat burlesque style.

THE AUDIENCE, rather to our surprise, seemed to be pure white; or was the night we were there. We had half expected to sit cheek by jowl with Harlem society. Instead, we found a Caucasian audience and a seemingly very intelligent, high class one too; nothing like the "Harlem crowds" of recent memory. We had to pinch ourselves once or twice and refer to the program continually to make sure we were actually at an all-colored show.

In particular, one dancer, a man—is worth the whole show, doing as individual and distinctive a series of portraits in jazz as any dancer on Broadway. There is some singing, too, which is fair—a colored tenor and soprano, (well, a primadonna,) who do the usual duets and dances; and there is much singing and dancing by the male chorus, as well as many striking pictures made and antics cut by the extremely active chorus girls.

Specially, it is a sort of Little Colored Ziegfeld revue, with scenes that range from steamboats on the river to police stations, from telegraph offices to Indian villages along (we presume) the Canyon of the Colorado. In brief, if you cut loose from your usual choice of summer shows and go see "Hot Chocolates" you will have an entertaining evening and in addition, a rather new view of the abilities and genial talents of the colored race.



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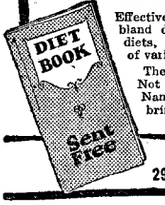

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From the Life

Love Story

By IBBY HALL

TO BEGIN WITH, she had been young and healthy and American. Not rich—she would have laughed at the idea. But not poor either, not the way she saw it.

No, the Poor were like the Rich, just pictures in the movies to make you hurt and cry, or to make you hold your breath and imagine yourself in a dream.

The movies were just ideas. Ideas to entertain yourself with. Like the one about love. Everybody knew what love was. It was something that happened to you, without your having anything to say about it. And it made you do things without thinking and with no sense to them.

In the movies it was all different. They hung up love with ideas and meaning and excitements until it was a regular Christmas tree. You might think (from the movies) that love was all laid out and planned and had to go like the story. You knew just what was going to happen and why it had to go that way.

She entertained herself with the idea while she washed the diapers and fed the children their milk and scrubbed up the kitchen.

Now take herself. How had she ever got herself into it, and how could she have told what it would be like? Had she ever had a chance with him? Not a chance. Maybe she had fallen for him in the beginning, but what if she hadn't? It wouldn't have mattered to him. He'd have gotten her just the same. She was his girl, he said, first time he ever saw her and she had to marry him. She didn't know why she hadn't fought him. She didn't know why she'd ever married him. But that's what love was.

Seven years, and what she hadn't learned about housework! And what her body hadn't learned about pain. Six babies. And each one harder than the last one. Each one harder to take care of—dragging her out until there was nothing left of her back and she had to yell at everybody. Too cross to be any good to herself. At the rate she was putting off flesh and taking on temper, he'd be sick of her soon all right.

Sick of her! Six babies. One of them buried. Out in the earth somewhere. It made her throat hurt and she wouldn't think about it. She swallowed.

Well, she thought, starting in on the ironing, what good did any of it do? If he went on being crazy about her, there'd be a baby every year. She knew that much. And she'd got to looking worse and acting worse until he would be sick of her. And that was the only way to stop it.

Her heart turned sick inside her, and she picked up a freshly ironed romper and began to twist it in her hands. She couldn't stand it. She couldn't stand the thought of his not being crazy about her, ever. Even when she was old.

What if she stood out against him? What if she fought him? Her breath came faster as she thought about it. She began to feel excited. She began to think of what she would say to push his image away from her. Suddenly she was indignant—she was angry.

When he came home she was still indignant. Her cheeks were bright with color, her eyes dared him. She had almost forgotten her exhausted back—her body. But her mind remembered everything. In his embrace she struggled back, as she had planned—she pushed against his chest. She began to talk. To argue. To scream.

"I won't have any more!" she said "I won't. If I do, I shall die. Do you hear me?" And she repeated what she had first said—"Keep away from me! After this, you can keep away from me."

He stared at her with disbelieving eyes—trying to believe his ears. "Keep away from you?"

Before she could turn he had leapt across the space between them. He had thrown out his arms roughly to catch her in them. She twisted only just in time to push him from her—to push him violently out of her way.

She loved that look in his eyes too well not to know that she must fight him now. But as she avoided him, she saw his eyes, that had been baffled and shining, change suddenly. There was a new light in them, a burning that matched the burning in her own. Unexpectedly, he had caught her—he had turned her, struggling in his arms—he had lifted his arm and struck her. He struck her again. He was beating her.

This rage—this new feeling between them mounted and terrified her. She slipped like a wild thing from his grasp. She ran from the house, screaming.

The next night she was alone. She had accomplished it now, with the help of the police. She had told her story in court, still angry enough to tell the truth. And since there was never so much money saved ahead, any more, to pay the fine was impossible. He must pay the other way. In jail. Alone. (Like herself). They had asked her in surprise, if he were her only support? For herself and five children? And yet she would have him sent to jail?

She buried her head in the bed clothes, alone, at night. Did they think she wanted him for his money? She could always make out, somehow. She could find the money, somehow.

On the day after and the days to follow, the money ran to her door. Sympathy ran hand in hand with it, and offers of help. For her story had spread outside the courtroom and those who heard it were filled with indignation and anger, as she had been.

But not any more. Her heart was quiet now. The color had left her cheeks and with every step her back reminded her that she had borne him six children. Because she had loved him. And that was the way life was.

She stared into the darkness at night and touched the clumsy pillow beside her head, and pulled it closer to her pale cheek and wept. By day she worked feverishly—doing for the children—earning what she could—scraping together what had been given her.

But when she managed to get it all—the right amount to the penny—her heart almost failed her. Down in the jail, deserted and alone, had he grown sick of her? She started slowly on her way to pay the fine. Then her heart beat faster. She began to run. She was remembering that he had beaten her.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

NOW THAT AMBASSADOR Dawes in true "Hell and Maria" fashion is cementing friendly relations with Great Britain it is interesting to learn just what is happening behind the scenes to make this front page, hands-across-the-sea gesture necessary. In the leading article of the next issue, "What Admirals Think,"—which by the way is not a rhetorical question—Mr. Jonathan Mitchell, a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent, discusses the men and policies in London and Washington that are responsible for the present Naval rivalry.

THE DISTINGUISHED contributor to the editorial page of the next issue will be Mr. James Boyd, author of "Drums" and "Marching On." In spite of the popularity of drama and short story courses Mr. Boyd thinks that learning to write is not a question of mastering any esoteric tricks of the trade, but rather of hard work and clear thinking. His editorial is a fine example of his theory.

THE POSITION OF the Jew in American life has long been the subject of controversy. In an article "The Jew, a Problem for America," Mr. Johan Smertenko analyses the causes of what he considers to be the growing American prejudice against the Jewish race.

IT IS POPULARLY supposed that modern women have rebelled and declared their independence particularly in regard to clothes and that mere man is still a slave to convention. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, author of "His Religion and Her " thinks that where style is concerned the ladies are still a flock of sheep. In her article, "Fashions vs. Beauty," next week Mrs. Gilman comments trenchantly on the subject of ladies who wear high heels and furs in summer.

ALTHOUGH HER FIRST attempts at saloon smashing in Kiowa and Medicine Lodge were eminently successful Carry Nation was not satisfied. In the next installment of "The Background of a Crusader" Herbert Asbury describes the carnage that resulted when she concentrated her attack on Wichita.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

"On With The Show"

THIS GALAXY of color, sound and beauty represents the best achievement in talking pictures to date. Reproduced entirely in natural colors, "On With The Show" is lovely to look at. Equipped with a virile and voluminous plot, it is much more than a spectacle. Manned and womaned by some two hundred performers, the picture must satisfy the most rabid admirer of the lavish.

In producing "On With The Show" the Messrs. Warner have obviously had in mind making a bum, as the vulgar saying goes, out of "The Broadway Melody." The success of this latter vehicle, a Metro-Goldwyn Mayer picture, must have irked the pioneering Warner boys not a little, for Metro-Goldwyn was almost brand new at the talkie game when they brought out this substantial hit.

We shouldn't say that "On With The Show" entirely eclipses "The Broadway Melody" but we can and will say it's a better all-around show.

"On With The Show" has Joe E. Brown, Betty Compson, Sam Hardy, Thomas Jefferson, Lee Moran, Louise Fazenda and numerous other folk of stellar rank in its cast, and a bevy of beauty that might have come out of a casting-director's waiting line in Hollywood, where some of the most beautiful girls in the world may be seen. They might have but they probably didn't because the average girl in a casting-office queue can neither act, speak, cook or count up to fourteen. The young ladies in "On With The Show" dance, and sing, and everything. Some of them are even discovered, from time to time, acting.

There is one girl in this picture that is perfectly well-known to this department, but seen in natural colors, we can't for the life of us place her. We think it was Sally O'Neill; we will almost take oath it was Sally O'Neill. If it was—then Sally O'Neill is a speaking actress of rare charm, and with her true colors showing upon prismatic screen she is a little peach and no mistake.

"The Fall of Eve"

WE ARE ashamed to say that we are ashamed to say we liked this picture. If we liked it, why be ashamed to say so? We think it's because of a secret conviction that the average reader of the Outlook is far too intelligent to find "The Fall of Eve" anything other than vulgar and silly.

Oh, well! We all feel silly at times, and the appeal of the vulgar is a healthy manifestation, after all. When we laugh (and we did laugh) at the preposterous adventures of Mr. Thomas Ford, a wool merchant, and his business acquaintances, Mr. Ed Mack and wife, we are laughing at something frightfully elemental, but we don't know just exactly what. Every one else in the Capitol Theatre audience laughed, too, but they probably had no more idea than we did what made the thing funny.

But—we laughed; and we are going to take a chance and advise you to take in "The Fall of Eve" if it comes your way. And we'll probably get two hundred indignant letters for our pains. All of which leads to the observation that this review strikes its proud author as being just about the most pusillanimous piece of criticism he has read for some time.

"Strange Cargo"

A STALWART murder mystery, this, all acted on a yacht, and well acted, too. Sir Richard Barclay, a frightful rotter, is entertaining a bevy of friends by giving them a little Transatlantic cruise, when—blooey! all the lights on board go out for three minutes or so and when they come on again, the host has disappeared. He couldn't have gotten out of the cabin from which he disappeared, because there happened to be some one in or near every doorway. So—what the h——?

The audience knows more about the thing than the guests do, or thinks it does; for we have been afforded glimpses of certain conditions aboard the yacht, and the actors haven't—we know, for instance, that the brother of Sir Richard's maltreated wife is on board, stowing away in the crow's nest.

So we bide our time, expecting what we expect and find out that we were wrong about every detail—which is just as we expected.

Several of the actors in "Strange Cargo" are English, and unknown to us. They all gave good performance; in fact, the whole cast was excellent except for a cute little blonde girl, who, as Sir Richard's younger sister, was rather reminiscent of a high-school entertainment in Nampa, Idaho.

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William Fox: A Portrait

(Continued from Page 544)

hunger of the National Democrats and the satiation of the National Republicans. During the last campaign it was a feat of admirable fence walking that his Movietone News Reel displayed. From the beginning, a full Movietone crew was assigned to each party. One crew recorded in rehearsal the rounded periods of Herbert Hoover as he spoke his acceptance essay, another crew did the same for Alfred E. Smith with the result that, at the very moment when these gentlemen were actually delivering their speeches, the motion picture houses were exhibiting them. While the voice of Candidate Hoover was coming in over the radio in the office of the Kansas City "Star," the managing editor sent a reporter to the Midland Theatre there to check up the facial expression and vocal quirks on the Movietone News Reel.

As the campaign neared its end, there appeared one night in Times Square a blatant Movietone screen sponsored by the Democratic Party. This was just a matter of money to Fox, the apparatus being contracted for through the commercial department. The screen squawked Smith-for-President, but just last month William Fox lunched joyously with President Hoover.

They say that William Fox quiets down only at home at his great English house on Long Island which his son-in-law describes as a modest residence in spite of the fact that it holds within itself an elaborate private theatre, and is situated on a tract of land large enough for an inlet and a lake on which swim placid ducks. It is the home of a man who left Hungary for the Ghetto of New York, who sold stove polish at ten, and whose education was most informal. It is the home of a man who married young and still has the same wife, mother of his two daughters who are now known as Mrs. Milton Schwartz and Mrs. Douglas Taussig. It is the home of a man who started married life in a dark apartment in Brooklyn, who moved from there to uptown Washington Heights in Manhattan, and who now maintains an extensive array of rooms at No. 270 Park Avenue. His present estate adjoins the Woodmere Golf Club on which William Fox has distinguished himself by making a hole in one. His regular game is most amazingly down in the low eighties, for to golf he applied the same ferocity that he did to business.

That ferocity has not been directed towards social ambitions. For the little niceties of manners he has the most supreme contempt. Not even royalty can lessen that contempt, a fact which gave rise to one of the most amazing incidents of his career. When the Prince of Wales visited New York in 1924, he was invited to the Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street where his grandfather had received the curtsies of the beauties of New York. By the time the grandson arrived here the old theatre had been sold to Fox whose press agent had engineered the acceptance of the invitation. Fox was host. The day before the visit, the press agent explained to Fox just what the royal etiquette demanded.

"You will wear a morning suit, a top hat," said the publicity man, "and as the Prince enters you do not extend your hand, you must bow to him."

"That's out!" yelled Fox.

"What's out?"

"The bow. I won't."

In spite of all arguments, the last words flung after the press agent as he receded through the office door was "No bow."

At the ceremony the following day, a solemn retinue appeared at the Academy of Music to be met in the lobby by William Fox shining in morning coat and top hat. Then a phenomenon occurred. The Fox torso twitched. There had been achieved involuntarily a bow, a small bow.

That undoubtedly is the only bow of his life, for no man is quite worthy of his steel. It is absurd to say that he is conceited. It is too puny a word. Megalomania afflicted with elephantiasis, that is the state of his self-esteem. That, moreover, is the state of the whole Fox organization whose careening career more violently explodes, the vaster it grows. Only when its slashing master is gone will there be instead of snarls, the orderly purrings which issue from established business which has somehow acquired background and even a small gallery of second hand ancestral portraits.

In Praise of Hypocrisy

(Continued from Page 526)

himself too much about the reality of it.

In this way he escaped that inner conflict which has kept many American Puritans so engaged in a battle with themselves that they have little energy for anything else. Franklin was an extrovert, as the psychologists say. He faced, with equal assurance, the realities of the material world which he studied in his scientific experiments, the realities of politics which he handled so successfully throughout the American Revolution, the facts of human nature in which he was a shrewd philosopher, and the truth about himself. In the latter field of knowledge, he was far ahead of his time. He accepted, as dynamic urges in him, impulses that are commonly considered shameful, and by so doing he released an enormous amount of energy and vitality that would otherwise have been blocked and smothered. It is this that accounts for the abundant achievement of his long career. It also accounts for what he called his continued "felicity." He projected the Puritan conflict outside of himself, into his environment, and evaded it with a genial hypocrisy when he could not handle it in any other way.

In the field of Prohibition, it was his modest ambition to "drink not to elevation," and in his old age he suffered with gout. In the matter of Sunday observance, he noticed abroad that the people who enjoyed the continental Sunday were as prosperous, as "well-favored and well-clothed" and generally as free of "God's judgments" as the New Englanders; "which would almost make one suspect," he wrote, "that the Deity is not so angry at that offense as a New England Justice." In affairs of sex, he had the humorous standards of the French who adored him—to the horror of the other American commissioners in Paris and their wives. In fact, toward all the prohibition signs of his day, he bowed like the modern American in so far as he let those have their way who wished "No Drinking," "No Sunday Amusements" and "No Sex."

But he wore his Puritanism with a difference. He knew what he was doing. He was not often an unconscious hypocrite. Consequently, he never tried to force others to live up to his standards of pretension. He never found it necessary to do penance for his lapses from virtue by insisting that his neighbor must be more virtuous than he. He forgave others quite as readily as he forgave himself.

And for that reason, I think, it would be a great gain to our embittered civilization if we accepted him as a model and exemplar for behavior under the blue repressions of our next decade.

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With Our Readers

More Law Enforcement

Houston, Texas

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

GENTLEMEN:

I have just read with interest the article by Evans entitled "The Sanctity of the Law" in the June 19 issue of the Outlook and Independent and cannot refrain from giving you a few facts, the author's ignorance of which having decidedly dampened the support I might have given this article.

Mr. Evans takes Fifth Avenue, New York, as an outstanding example of nullification of law. He states that the speed limit is fifteen miles an hour and that traffic moves at twenty-five or thirty miles per hour, when as a matter of fact the average speed of all traffic south of the north boundary of Central Park is below five and one-half miles an hour. Bus speeds are below four and one-half and during rush hours below three. Take a look at the picture of Fifth Avenue and figure out if you can how any vehicle traveling at street level could obtain a speed of fifteen miles an hour, let alone twenty-five or thirty.

There are streets in New York City where a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour can easily be attained, but Fifth Avenue is an outstanding example of one where violation of the speed law is extremely difficult. If as suggested, Mr. Hoover, Mr. Wickersham and Chief Justice Taft were to run their automobiles abreast down Fifth Avenue at fifteen miles an hour, two of them would be forced to push ahead of them a mass of traffic indefinite in extent and the third would be over in the lane for traffic bound in the other direction. I would say that this experiment would cause quite some excitement.

Any reader of current events and opinions expects to be "bunked" a little but this one is too much. I have noticed several articles in the Outlook during the last few months written in just this sort of half-cocked manner. I am thankful they are few.

Yours for a keener interest in facts,

H. B. CAMMACK,
Traffic Engineer

A Protest

Greensburg, Indiana

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

We have been readers of the Outlook throughout its existence, and back many years when it was the Christian Union. The policy has been decidedly changed in past years or more and not for the better. The only apparent excuse is that it must have become a Hearst publication. The moral tone is low —agnostic articles and continual knocking on prohibition, in which it is not upheld by vote of the country; also lowered literary standards. *Less liberalism*, so called, would be appreciated.

Yours truly,

E. A. DONNELL

"Heal Thyself"

Burlington, Iowa

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

From time immemorial the "doctors mistakes," both excusable and inexcusable, have occasioned much derisive comment by "quid nuncs" in general, and promoters of fake therapies in particular. But I have never, in my more than fifty years of practice, observed any profit to any one in giving them publicity; and the more especially when they come from one authorized to append M. D. to his name. On the contrary, a bad situation has thus been made worse. I have in mind specifically the stories from the pen of Dr. Clendening, in the current issue of the Outlook. If this tirade had appeared in one of the Hearst papers, it would not have merited attention; but the Outlook has not, so far, acquired a reputation for sensationalism, and this departure from the safe and sane cannot go with protest. For it is illogical in that it ignores the obvious fact of a growing demand for specialists, and worse—a distinct attempt to magnify the ego. You have certainly not heeded the one good suggestion in the whole screed, "For your ailments go first to your family doctor."

H. B. YOUNG

Editor's Note—We had thought that Dr. Clendening's reputation would have saved his article from being called a "tirade."

Roses

Holyoke, Massachusetts

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

In the belief that most publishers are more or less open to criticism and suggestion in order to improve, if possible, their magazine, I take the liberty of jotting down a few notes I have made in perusal of your paper.

As to the articles. "Has the Specialist Failed?" was good. We have been waiting for such a sensible discussion of an over-specialized profession. I like your policy of publishing biography. The one of Beethoven was a notable achievement. I was glad to see "Our Growing Leisure." This is a problem which I believe is to become a vital one. I have not read all your articles. But many strike me as being "good stuff." You probably have received many letters from "old timers" who objected to the new Outlook. Our family was at first disappointed with it. But we are regaining our confidence in an old friend. We like many features of it. Keep up the good work.

And prohibition—. Well that's a subject best left alone. I believe, however, that the purpose of a current event magazine is to record and, if possible, to interpret the present-day events rather than attempt to influence or guide them.

Thanking you for your forbearance, I am

Yours truly,

FRANCIS FORD

Question

Ventnor, New Jersey

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

My subscriptions for myself and sons to the Outlook have come to an end, and it gives me a deal of satisfaction to say to you that nothing would induce us to renew them.

We entirely disapprove of the Outlook, as do many of our friends.

Your pose as a moral and intellectual superior both as respects things past and present makes you and your paper a laughing stock among those who really have intellect and judgment and a background.

What place you are trying to make for yourself I cannot determine, but surely you are not retaining the old clientage who rejoiced in the leadership of such men as Mabie and Abbott and Roosevelt and the like.

ALFRED J. P. MCCLURE

Congratulations

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent,

DEAR SIR:

I congratulate you on the article "The Sanctity of the Law." It is refreshing. On this subject many persons seem devoid of the power to think. It is curious — and alarming — that intelligent people should be taken in by the idea about law which Mr. Evans' article so conclusively refutes.

REV. T. H. FLYE

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The Modern Bluejacket

(Continued from Page 533)

his own. He goes where he is welcome.

Recently, the Scouting Fleet paid its annual spring visit to New York City. The men had spent several months in intensive training down South. They looked to New York with delight after hot, tiresome days in the Caribbean. There were a few half-hearted gestures of city-welcome, but what did the sailors find in the city for amusement?

They had a choice of strolling up and down Riverside Drive, aimless wandering about Broadway, a tour of the movie houses. With ten days to spend in New York, they wanted their money to last ten days; they couldn't afford to pay $4.40 for theatre seats. There were the dance-halls, yes, but unless a man had civilian clothes he could not attend the more amusing ones. The uniform, which should have been the ticket of admission to any function, placed him automatically on the black list.

During the war there were many Service Clubs or recreation centers formed. Matrons in the various cities saw to it that men in the service had a good time. But those clubs died away. Of all the hundreds formed during the war years, only one has survived. That is the National Navy Club at 93 Park Avenue in New York, a club maintained solely for enlisted men of the Navy and the Marine Corps. Its doors have not closed night or day since July 3, 1917. Dances are held on Tuesday and Saturday nights, with Open House on Sunday afternoons. There the sailor finds congenial companions and pleasant surroundings.

The institution is supported mainly by contributions from philanthropic citizens, and it is constantly reaching out and bringing into its circle new friends. It acquaints them with the needs of the sailor, reminds them that thousands of lonely men visit New York at various times and that there is as much a need now as before for Service Clubs.

During the Scouting Fleet's visit this year, the Navy Club functioned as it has for twelve years. Its quarters are not very large but every room and dormitory was filled each night. Women interested in the Club spent each day in the Information Booth advising the visiting sailors the best ways to see the city, the most interesting trips to take. Theatre managers were asked to donate free tickets and these were distributed. Through the courtesy of American League and National League officials, free baseball tickets were given to the men. Incidentally, the American League officials have promised the Navy Club that hereafter any service man may see games at the Yankee Stadium free. His uniform admits him.

The National Navy Club has had excellent results; it has done much to correct in New York erroneous impressions of the American sailor. It is self-evident that its good work could be made nationwide by the establishment of several recreation centers in every seaport-town. In that way, and in short order, there could be restored to the service man the respect and common courtesy that he deserves.

The present discrimination, aside from its patent injustice, is dangerous. If the uniform becomes a badge of disrespect, if the sailor is not granted a share of social equality, if an occasional case of intoxication on shore leave is not forgiven, the service will fall into disrepute. Young men of pride will not chain themselves to four years of inferiority. Recruiting stations will find it impossible to enlist high grade men and there will be, inevitably, a retrogression of the national defense.

The Walls of Jericho

(Continued from Page 531)

outskirts of the crowd, where Mayor Korn stood with the owner of one of the wrecked saloon buildings.

"Just a moment, Mother Nation," said the Mayor, and retired to join a group of city officials, who were in earnest consultation with the city attorney, striving desperately to find a way of enforcing their local ordinances. But Carry Nation had placed them in a very embarrassing position. It was obvious that she had violated the law by destroying private property, but it was even more obvious that in so doing she had procured convincing evidence that saloons were operating openly in Kiowa. The usual procedure would have been to arrest her and bring her to trial on charges of disorderly conduct and malicious mischief, but the officials shuddered at the thought of the hullabaloo the temperance people would raise, and the pointed questions that would be asked about the joints. So it was finally decided that nothing had occurred, and the Marshal dropped his hand from Prince's bridle and said, disgustedly:

"Go home!"

Meagre details of Carry Nation's exploits and her successful defiance of the Kiowa officials had been telegraphed to Medicine Lodge, and when she reached the outskirts of the latter town, she was met by a dozen excited members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who lined the road and sang joyfully as the crusader drove between their ranks, shouting "Peace on earth, good will to men!" The singing women crowded behind her buggy as it rolled down the main thoroughfare, and practically the entire population of Medicine Lodge swarmed into the street and implored her to recount her adventures.

Next morning the Wichita and Topeka papers contained brief accounts of the Kiowa raid, and Carry Nation received scores of letters and telegrams from women all over the state. But many branches of the Women's Christian Temperance Union displayed distinct coldness and disapproval. A few chapters sent congratulatory messages; others, especially those of the larger cities where the saloon was an accepted industry, preserved an ominous silence. Nor was there any word of commendation from Mrs. A. M. Hutchinson, state president of the W. C. T. U., whose husband was resident physician of the State Reformatory at Hutchinson, Kansas, and an appointee of the Governor. Some three or four weeks later, during a temperance convention under the auspices of the Barber County chapter of the Union, Mrs. Hutchinson visited Medicine Lodge and asked Carry Nation to inform the gathering that officially the Women's Christian Temperance Union knew nothing of, and would not accept responsibility for, the smashing at Kiowa. Carry Nation so announced at a meeting of the convention, and then she volunteered this comment: "So far as Sister Hutchinson, who is and has been president for some time, is concerned, I believe her to be a conscientious woman, whose heart is in the right place. She and I have been the best of friends and love each other, and she has often defended me and spoken well of my work. But I think the W. C. T. U. would be much more effective under her management if she had understood that Stanley, the Republican Governor, wished to handicap her in her prohibition work when he appointed her husband as physician in the reformatory. And perhaps other bearings have prevented her from seeing the Republican pressure has injured her work more than anything else in Kansas. Many of the wives of these political wire-pullers are prominent in the Union."

Even Carry Nation's enemies were compelled, however, to acknowledge that her extraordinary methods had produced definite and concrete results, for in less than six months she had done more to enforce the prohibition laws than had been accomplished in twenty years by the ineffectual campaigns of the churches and temperance organiza-

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tions. Throughout southern Kansas she was the heroine of the extremists who prayed for the downfall of the saloon, however procured, though there were many temperance advocates in Kiowa and Medicine Lodge who shook their heads dubiously and deplored the violence which had accompanied her crusades.

As the winter of 1900 approached, she became more and more obsessed by the conviction that her appointed field of labor extended far beyond the confines of Barber County, and that her name was destined to thunder down the corridors of time as that of the Moses who had led the erring children of America out of the wilderness of intoxication into the promised land of sobriety and prohibition. She was especially concerned over the situation in Wichita, capital of Sedgwick County in south central Kansas, and the second largest city of the state, with a population of approximately 25,000. Wichita was notoriously wet. Between forty and fifty saloons crowded its street corners, and it was also the site of half a dozen wholesale liquor houses from which beer and whisky flowed in a steady stream through half the state and southward into Indian Territory. It was estimated that at least one-third of the bootleggers who operated in Kansas and the Territory obtained their supplies from Wichita dealers. The joints ran wide open, with no other concealment than curtained doors and windows and signs saying "Sample Room," and the owners were not annoyed by the county or city authorities so long as they appeared in court on the first day of each month and paid fines ranging from fifty to one hundred dollars. For several years the Women's Christian Temperance Union and other anti-liquor organizations had more or less concentrated their efforts upon Wichita, for it was recognized that the town was one of the keys to the entire temperance situation, and that if the saloons and warehouses there could be abolished many counties in Kansas would necessarily be dry, at least until new distributing arrangements had been made. And Carry Nation was shrewd enough to realize that an attack upon this citadel of rum, even if unsuccessful, would attract far more attention than forays against such obscure towns as Kiowa and Medicine Lodge, and would arouse the temperance workers throughout the state to a pitch of excitement bordering on frenzy. "So I resolved," she wrote, "that at the first opportunity I would go to Wichita and break up some of the bold outlawed murder mills there. I thought perhaps it was God's will to make me a sacrifice as He did John Brown." *(To be Continued)*

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